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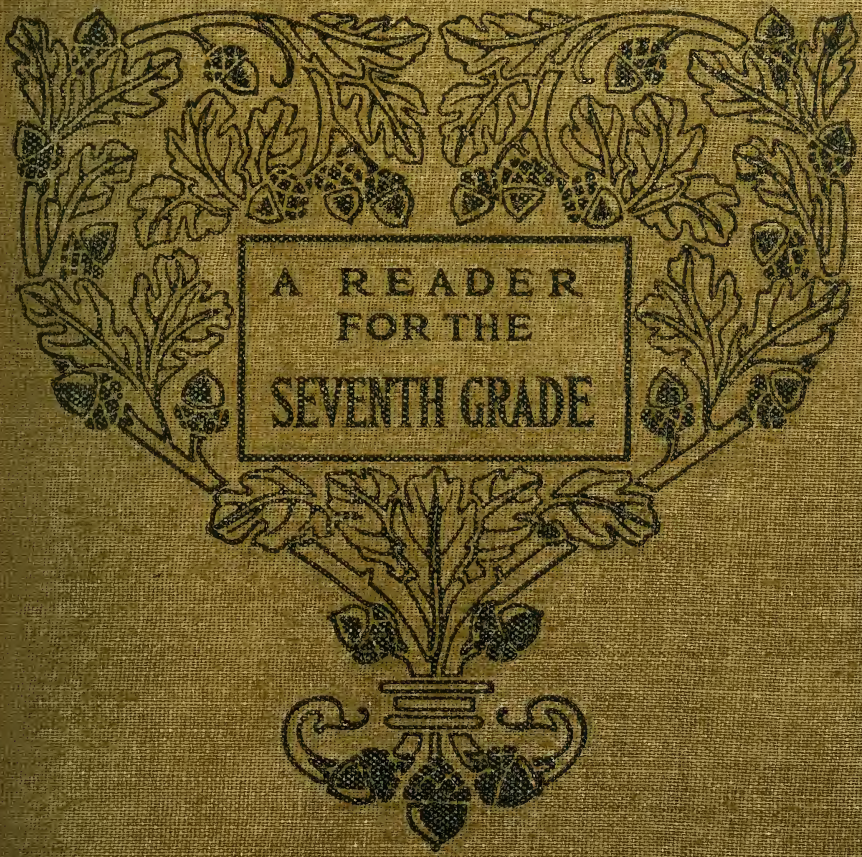

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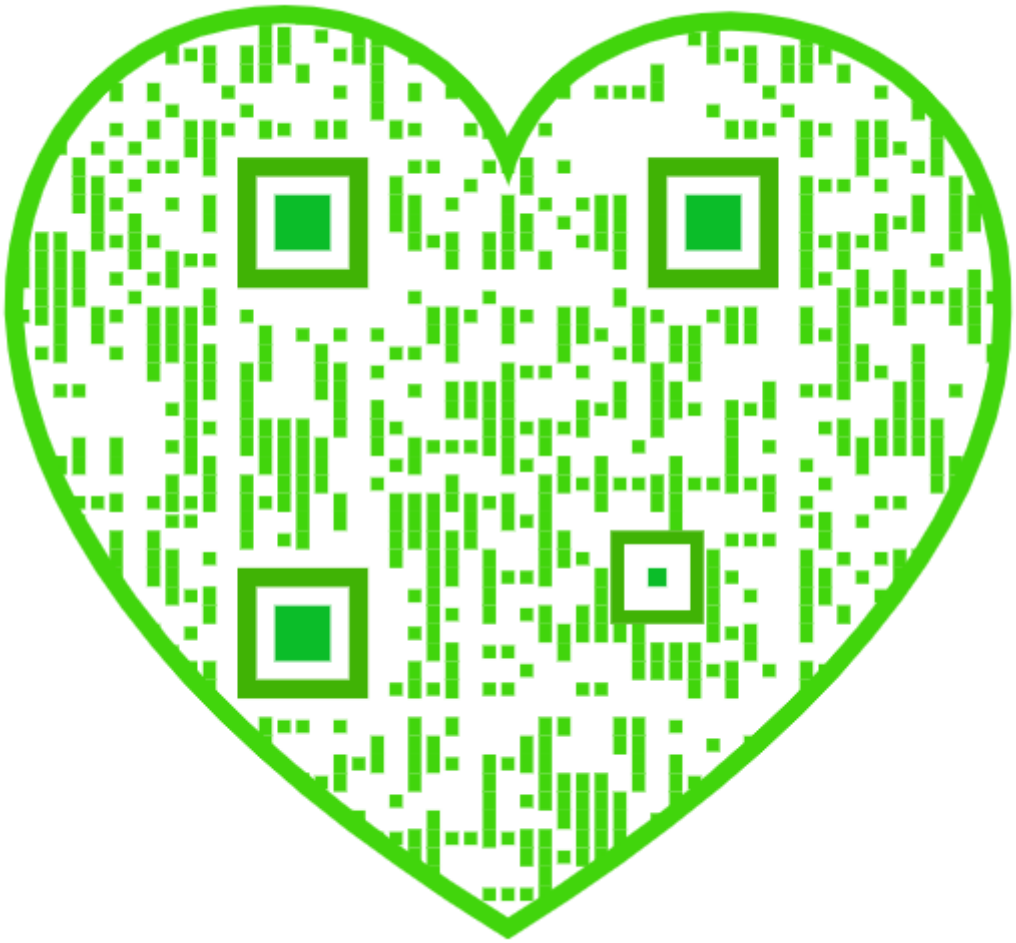

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A READER
FOR THE
SEVENTH GRADE

BY

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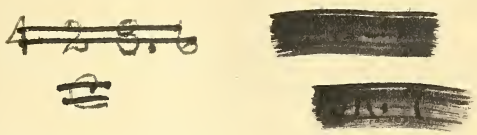

PREFACE

It may safely be assumed that children in the sixth and seventh years in school are ready to enter upon a more serious study of the best literature. The earlier Readers of this series contain many selections from the familiar classics of all ages. In the upper Readers the average pupil may now enjoy a greater variety of readings from standard authors, representative of wider fields of the world's culture.

It should not be forgotten, however, that in any company of children in the elementary schools, there are few who have sufficient intelligence or maturity to study standard literature, as such, continuously and exclusively. It has been the aim of the authors, therefore, to present selections having informational and story interest as well as literary value. Combining as they do, then, interesting subject matter with distinction of style, these books will be found of great stimulative use in forming the taste of the pupils and in leading them, by attractive means, to the appreciation of the best in literature.

These two Readers are reasonably well supplied with descriptive, scientific, and personal as well as purely imaginative selections. Biography, history, nature, and art have been carefully chosen so as to correlate with the average school curriculum.

The authors duly appreciate the limitations of school readers. At best, they can present only fragments from a boundless world. Yet, they have endeavored to make the choice of those fragments representative of the great interests of mankind: and also to present selections of a type qualified to stimulate the best ethical and moral sense of the pupils.

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THE AUTHORS.

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A READER FOR THE SEVENTH GRADE

AN INTRODUCTION TO THAT FAMOUS GENTLEMAN, DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA

Once upon a time there lived in a certain village in a province of Spain called the Mancha, a gentleman named Quixada or Queseda—for indeed historians differ about this—whose house was full of old lances, halberds, and such other armors and weapons. He was, besides, the owner of an ancient target or shield, a raw-boned steed, and a swift greyhound. His pot consisted daily of common meats, some lentils on Fridays, and perhaps a roast pigeon for Sunday's dinner. His dress was a black suit with velvet breeches, and slippers of the same color, which he kept for holidays, and a suit of homespun which he wore on week-days.

On the purchase of these few things he spent the small income that came to him every year. He had in his house a woman-servant of about some forty years old, a niece not yet twenty, and a lad that served him both in field and at home, and could saddle his horse or manage a pruning-hook.

The master himself was about fifty years old, a strong, hard-featured man with a withered face. He was an early riser, and had once been very fond of hunting. But now for a great portion of the year he applied himself wholly to reading the old books of knighthood, and this with such keen delight that he forgot all about the pleasures of the chase, and neglected all household matters. His mania and folly grew to such a pitch that he sold many acres of his lands to buy books of the exploits and adventures of the knights of old. These he took for true and correct histories, and when his friends, the curate of the village, or Mr. Nicholas, the worthy barber of the town, came to see him, he would dispute with them as to which of the knights of romance had done the greatest deeds.

So eagerly did he plunge into the reading of these books that he many times spent whole days and nights poring over them; and in the end, through little sleep and much reading, his brain became tired, and he fairly lost his wits. His fancy was filled with those things that he read of, enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, tempests, and other impossible follies, and those romantic tales so firmly took hold of him that he believed no history to be so certain and sincere as they were.

Finally, his wit being extinguished, he was seized with one of the strangest whims that ever madman stumbled on in this world, for it seemed to him right and necessary that he himself should become a knight-errant, and ride through the world in arms to seek

adventures and practise in person all that he had read about the knights of old. Therefore he resolved that he would make a name for himself by revenging the injuries of others, and courting all manner of dangers

and difficulties, until in the end he should be rewarded for his valor by the crown of some mighty Empire.

And first of all he caused certain old rusty arms that belonged to his great-grandfather, and had lain for many years neglected and forgotten in a by-corner of his house, to be brought out and well scoured. He put them in order as well as he could, and then saw that they had something wanting, for instead of a proper helmet they had only a morion or headpiece, like a steel bonnet without any visor. This his industry supplied, for he made a visor for his helmet by

patching and pasting certain papers together, and this pasteboard fitted to the morion gave it all the appearance of a real helmet. Then, to make sure that it was strong enough, he out with his sword and gave it a blow or two, and with the very first did quite undo that which had cost him a week to make. He did not at all approve the ease with which it was destroyed, and to make things better he placed certain iron bars within it, in such a manner that he felt sure it was now sound and strong, without putting it to a second trial.

He next visited his horse who, though he had more corners than a Spanish shilling, which in those days was anything but round, and was nothing but skin and bone, yet seemed to him a better steed than Bucephalus, the noble animal that carried Alexander the Great when he went to battle.

He spent four days inventing a name for his horse, saying to himself that it was not fit that so famous a knight's horse, and so good a beast, should want a known name. Therefore he tried to find a name that should give people some notion both of what he had been before he was the steed of a knight-errant, and also what he now was; for, seeing that his lord and master was going to change his calling, it was only right that his horse should have a new name, famous and high-sounding, and worthy of his new position in life. And after having chosen, made up, put aside, and thrown over any number of names as not coming up to his idea, he finally hit upon Rozinante, a name, in his opinion, sublime and well-sounding, expressing in a word what he had been when he was a simple car-

riage horse, and what was expected of him in his new dignity.

The name being thus given to his horse, he made up his mind to give himself a name also, and in that thought labored another eight days. Finally he determined to call himself Don Quixote, which has made people think that his name was Quixada and not Queseda, as others have said; and remembering that the great knights of olden time were not satisfied with a mere dry name, but added to it the name of their kingdom or country, so he like a good knight added to his own name that of his province, and called himself Don Quixote of the Mancha, whereby he declared his birthplace and did honor to his country by taking it for his surname.

His armor being scoured, his morion transformed into a helmet, his horse named, and himself furnished with a new name, he considered that now he wanted nothing but a lady on whom he might bestow his service and affection. "For," he said to himself, remembering what he had read in the books of knightly adventures, "if I should by good hap encounter some giant, as knights-errant ordinarily do, and if I should overthrow him with one blow to the ground, or cut him with a stroke in two halves, or finally overcome and make him yield to me, it would be only right and proper that I should have some lady to whom I might present him. Then would he, entering my sweet lady's presence, say unto her with a humble and submissive voice: 'Madam, I am the Giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island called Malindrania, whom the

never-too-much-praised knight, Don Quixote of the Mancha, hath overcome in single combat. He hath commanded me to present myself to your greatness, that it may please your Highness to dispose of me according to your liking.'"

You may believe that the heart of the knight danced for joy when he made that grand speech, and he was even more pleased when he had found out one whom he might call his lady. For, they say, there lived in the next village to his own a hale, buxom country wench with whom he was sometime in love, though for the matter of that she had never known of it nor taken any notice of him whatever. She was called Aldonca Lorenso, and her he thought fittest to honor as the lady of his fancy. Then he began to search about in his mind for a name that should not vary too much from her own, but should at the same time show people that she was a princess or lady of quality. Thus it was that he called her Dulcinea of Toboso, a name sufficiently strange, romantic, and musical for the lady of so brave a knight. And now, having taken to himself both armor, horse, and lady fair, he was ready to go forth and seek adventures.

—Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (*Adapted*).

Mancha: män'chä.—**Quixada**: kwĭk-sä'dä.—**Queseda**: kwā-sā' dä.—**knight-errant**: a knight who traveled in search of adventures.—**vis'or**: the part of a helmet that lifts, and shows the face.—**Bucephalus**: bū-sĕf-á-lŭs.—**Rozinante**: rôz-ē-nän' tā.—**Don Quixote**: dŏn kwĭks' ŏt.—**Caraculiambro**: kä-rä-kŭ-lē-äm'brô.—**Malindrania**: mäl-ēn-drän'ē-ä.—**Aldonca Lorenso**: äl-dôn' kä lôr-ån' sô.—**Dulcinea of Toboso**: dŭl-sēn-ā' ä tô-bō' sô.

DON QUIXOTE AND THE GIANTS

Don Quixote next persuaded a certain laborer, his neighbor, an honest man, but one of very shallow wit, to go away with him and serve him as squire. In the end he gave him so many fair words and promises that the poor fellow determined to go with him. Don Quixote, among other things, told him that he ought to be very pleased to depart with him, for at some time or other an adventure might befall which should in the twinkling of an eye win him an island and leave him governor thereof. On the faith of these and other like promises, Sancho Panza (for so he was called) forsook his wife and children and took service as squire to his neighbor.

Don Quixote then set about providing himself with money. This he did by selling one thing, pawning another, and making bad bargains all around. At last he got a pretty sum, and having patched up his broken helmet as best he could, he told Sancho Panza the day and hour on which he meant to start. He also charged him to provide himself with a wallet, which Sancho promised to do, and said that he also meant to take along with him a very good ass named Dapple, because he was not used to travel much afoot.

In the matter of the ass, Don Quixote hesitated a little, calling to mind whether he had ever read that any knight-errant was ever attended by a squire mounted on ass-back, but no such case occurred to his memory. Nevertheless, he decided that the ass should be taken, with the intention of providing his squire

with a more dignified mount, when he had a chance, by unhorsing the first discourteous knight he encountered.

All this being arranged, Sancho Panza, without bidding his wife and children farewell, and Don Quixote, without saying good-bye to his housekeeper and niece, sallied forth from the village one night, unknown to any person living. They travelled so far that night that at daybreak they were safe against discovery, even if they were pursued. And Sancho Panza rode along on his beast like a patriarch with his wallet and bottle, full of a huge desire to see himself governor of the island which his master had promised him.

Whilst they were journeying along, Sancho Panza said to his master: "I pray you have good care, Sir Knight, that you forget not that government of the island which you have promised me, for I shall be able to govern it be it never so great."

And Don Quixote replied: "Thou must understand, friend Sancho, that it was a custom very much used by ancient knights-errant, to make their squires governors of the islands and kingdoms they conquered, and I am resolved that so good a custom shall be kept up by me. And if thou livest and I live, it may well be that I might conquer a kingdom within six days, and crown thee king of it."

"By the same token," said Sancho Panza, "if I were a king, then should Joan my wife become a queen and my children princes?"

"Who doubts of that?" said Don Quixote.

As they were talking, they caught sight of some thirty or forty windmills on a plain. As soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire: "Fortune is guiding our affairs better than we could desire. For behold, friend Sancho, how there appear thirty or forty monstrous giants with whom I mean to do battle, and take all their lives. With their spoils we shall begin to be rich, for this is fair war, and it is doing great service to clear away these evil fellows from the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho, amazed.

"Those thou seest there," replied his master, "with the long arms."

"Take care, sir," cried Sancho, "for those we see yonder are not giants but windmills, and those things which seem to be arms are their sails, which being whirled round by the wind make the mill go."

"It is clear," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not yet experienced in the matter of adventures. They are giants, and if thou art afraid, get thee away home, whilst I enter into cruel and unequal battle with them."

So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, without heeding the cries by which Sancho Panza warned him that he was going to encounter not giants but windmills. For he would neither listen to Sancho's outcries, nor mark what he said, but shouted to the windmills in a loud voice: "Fly not, cowards and vile creatures, for it is only one knight that assaults you!"

A slight breeze having sprung up at this moment, the great sail-arms began to move, on seeing which

Don Quixote shouted out again: "Although you should wield more arms than had the giant Briareus, I shall make you pay for your insolence!"

Saying this, and commending himself most devoutly to his Lady Dulcinea, whom he desired to aid him in this peril, covering himself with his buckler, and setting his lance in rest, he charged at Rozinante's best gallop, and attacked the first mill before him. Thrusting his lance through the sail, the wind turned it with such violence that it broke his weapon into shivers, carrying him and his horse after it, and having whirled them round, finally tumbled the knight a good way off, and rolled him over the plain sorely damaged.

Sancho Panza hastened to help him as fast as his

ass could go, and when he came up he found the knight unable to stir, such a shock had Rozinante given him in the fall.

"Bless me," said Sancho, "did I not tell you that you should look well what you did, for they were none other than windmills, nor could any think otherwise unless he had windmills in his brains?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for the things of war are constantly changing, and I think this must be the work of the same sage, Freston, who robbed me of my library and books, and he hath changed these giants into windmills to take from me the glory of the victory. But in the end his evil arts shall avail but little against the goodness of my sword."

"May it prove so," said Sancho, as he helped his master to rise and remount Rozinante, who, poor steed, was himself much bruised by the fall.

—Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (*Adapted*).

Sancho Panza: säng'kō pän'zä.—**squire**: a shield bearer or armor bearer who attended a knight.—**patriarch** (pā'trĭ-ärk): the head or ruler of a family; usually applied to heads of families in ancient times.—**Briareus** (brī-ā'rē-ŭs): in Greek mythology, a monster with a hundred arms.—**rest**: a projection from the right side of the body armor, serving to support the butt of the lance.

A SONG OF CLOVER

I wonder what the Clover thinks,
Intimate friend of Bob-o'-links,
Lover of Daisies slim and white,
Waltzer with Buttercups at night;
Keeper of Inn for traveling Bees,
Serving to them wine-dregs and lees,
Left by the Royal Humming Birds,
Who sip and pay with fine-spun words;
Fellow with all the lowliest,
Peer of the gayest and the best;
Comrade of winds, beloved of sun,
Kissed by the Dew-drops, one by one;
Prophet of Good-Luck mystery
By sign of four which few may see;
Symbol of Nature's magic zone,
One out of three, and three in one;
Emblem of comfort in the speech
Which poor men's babies early reach;
Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,
Sweet in the meadows, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
Oh, half its sweetness cannot be said;
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweet, perhaps, at last, in death!
Oh! who knows what the Clover thinks?
No one! unless the Bob-o'-links!

—"Saxe Holm."

wine-dregs and lees: that which is left over, as sediment in a wine-cask.

WHAT THE SNOW-MAN DID

It was twelve years ago, and midwinter. There had been good skating at Rockville for nearly a week; but, on a certain cold Friday, it suddenly began to snow. The great white flakes came down, slowly at first, then more rapidly, until the air seemed a tumultuous mass of eiderdown. Then the ground, the fences, the trees, began to take their share, and the whole country-side grew white. In the city, not far off, people bemoaned the "bad walking" that already threatened them; but country folk as promptly looked forward to sleigh-rides and frolic.

The boys and girls of Rockville reveled in the discussion of various plays for Saturday if it should keep on snowing. Thoughts of snowballing, fort-building, coasting, and all kinds of snow sport scurried through their busy young heads; and, as soon as they came out of school, the boys and girls divided off into merry groups, some eagerly chatting, some frolicking in the soft snow; while a party of five boys dashed off toward the large, frozen pond half a mile away. These were the shinny-boys. They had agreed to play a game of shinny on the ice after school the next day; but, now, as the snow threatened to stop their promised sport, they had decided not to wait, but to have their game at once.

The beautiful storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun; but that night the snow came again—and this time to continue until morning. Then youthful existence in that region was comprised in the term, "lots

of fun." The coasting-hill was crowded on that Saturday. Snow forts, hastily erected, became scenes of bold attack and desperate defense, and three hardy boys proceeded to make the biggest ball of snow ever seen in that locality; it grew and grew until it reached to their shoulders, and finally it was as much as the three could do to roll it to the edge of the precipice called in Rockville—by the young ladies "the Lovers' Leap"; and by the boys "Clifford's Jump," because a daring young fellow of that name really had jumped from it once—and had taken a good, long rest in the hospital afterward.

Well, the mammoth ball—after the boys' ecstatic "*One, two, three! Let her go!*" went over "Clifford's Jump" in fine style. It dashed down the steep descent, distributing itself in blocks and fragments as it went—and was soon forgotten. The shinny-pond had yielded overnight to circumstances and become as white as its own level shores. Before dusk the forts were demolished or abandoned, and snow-day foes, leaving thoughts of battle behind, returned to the ways of peace.

Meantime, four fine fellows—Hal McDougal, Charley Green, and Sydney Burton and his brother Will—eager to enjoy their Saturday to the utmost, had assembled after early breakfast behind the McDougal cottage.

"Shall we build a fort, or a what?" asked Charley Green.

"A what," responded Sydney Burton, promptly.

"O, bother," retorted Charley; "don't begin your

fooling. I mean, shall we build a fort or a man? I vote for the man."

"And I'm for a fort," put in Will.

"It will be twice the fun to make a snow-man, Will," said his brother Sydney; "won't it, Charley?"

Now, Charley had a way of saying "Of course" that was worth a bushel of arguments to a boy like Will; so when he said "Of course," and Hal added scornfully, "Who wants a fort?" the thing was settled: a man it should be.

Nearly all day the boys worked. A strong clothes-pole served as a backbone around which the figure was built from the ground upward. None of them had ever made a snow-man before, and to make a large, well-shaped one was not a very easy task. Even with their determination to have him well proportioned, he turned out to be, as Sydney confessed, "rather short for his thickness"; and Will's plan of helping this trouble, by piling the snow on top of the big white head, didn't work well at all. Still he *would* insist upon holding up great balls, and shouting: "Help yourself, Syd, pile up!"

And Sydney as resolutely shouted back:

"Don't want it. I tell you he's got twice too much forehead already."

"Fudge!" Charley would say; "take it, Syd, make it into a hat."

"A hat wouldn't do any good," Sydney would insist, from the top of the barrel, on which he was standing; "not a bit of good; the man himself is out of

proportion. Don't you understand? I've taken a heap from the top of his noble brow already. Do you know I wish this chap were marble instead of snow? I've been thinking, ever since we began, I'd like to make a statue in earnest."

Meantime, Hal McDougal, shaping the arm, fell to thinking that if one had to get up a contrivance that would do all that a boy's arm does, what a task it would be! and, anyhow, what a wonderful thing a real arm was, with its muscles and sinews and all the little blood-vessels and things. And then the rest of the machine —the heart and lungs and brain—he wished he knew all about them; he'd study it all out some day. Yes! he would begin straight off reading anatomy in the evenings. All this time he said nothing, but kept on shaping the sleeve, whistling and trying to build out something like a fist.

Charley Green, the oldest boy of them all, didn't care anything about the height of the forehead, nor did he trouble his brain by comparing this solid man of snow with the wonderful human animal. What bothered *him* was the snow itself.

"It's a gay old puzzle, anyway," he thought—"this water. I don't wonder the Eastern tyrant had that traveler put to death (if it was the law to bowstring liars) who said that in *his* country water was sometimes like a cloud, sometimes like a feather, sometimes like solid blocks of glass. Nobody could believe it unless he saw it. And then—hang it all!—they tell you water itself is made of two gases; and, again, that there's water in everything—even in dust. I'm going

to study up on water. I'm going to find out what this sparkle in the snow means, and why melted snow tastes different from other water. I haven't cared for chemistry so far; but I'll take it up in earnest, if a fellow can really find out things by studying it."

"Halloo! Charley," scolded Will at this point; "stop blowing your mittens and looking like an owl, and lend a hand here. I'm in for breaking off this military gentleman's head and building him up higher, and clapping it on again. The shoulder-straps are easy to change."

"Fiddle for the straps," broke forth Sydney, quite out of patience. "If you heap up the shoulders, there's your body too long, and your arms too short, and all your features too little."

"That wouldn't make a bit of difference," was Will's ready answer. "We could just shift the belt up, and I'd alter the buttons in less than no time. Come on, Charley!"

"That's just like you, Will," said Sydney. "I declare if he doesn't think more of regimentals than a drum-major. I'm going to scoop out the legs—no use in having the old general run down all in one solid piece."

"Who wouldn't go in for regimentals?" retorted Will. "I never saw anything like the way all these snow-buttons have made a soldier of the old chap. Why, he wasn't anything without them. The more I look at him, the more I can see no two ways about it. A man, whether he's flesh or snow, isn't more than half a man till you make him a soldier."

Don't you see how it all ended? Many a time has the grass grown green and withered over the spot where the great snow-soldier melted away; but the thoughts that came into those four boyish heads that day have kept on growing and gathering strength. How little they knew then, as they sang, and shouted, and whistled, and clapped the snow on here and there, that the fancies flitting to them from the white soldier would never leave them again, that while they were busily shaping his body, head, and arms to their satisfaction, he was quietly shaping *them,* actually molding their careers!

Neither did haughty Milly Scott imagine, as she walked by in her best clothes, that the snow-man would quite change her ways of thinking and acting. Yet these things all came to pass.

To-day, Sydney Burton (I do not give you his real name) is a sculptor in Rome; his brother, Colonel William Burton, is stationed somewhere on our Western frontier; Charley Green is soon to be made professor of chemistry in one of our Northern colleges; and solemn Hal McDougal is studying hard in the French Institute of Surgery.

As for Master Ben Scott and his sister Milly, I should have told you about them sooner in the story.

Poor Milly! She was not a bad-hearted girl, but she was very proud, and often blind to the feelings of others. She cared more for her fine clothes, her fancy boots, her wavy hair, than for anything else in the world, except her mother and father and little Ben. She disliked plain, unfashionable people exceedingly;

and as for the really poor and ragged, they seemed to her too disagreeable to be thought of for an instant. She always avoided the wretched places where they lived, and never seemed to suspect that the little children whom Christ blessed were not all finely dressed.

On this particular day, she had seen a child tumble over a big frozen lump on the road, and when Ben tried to run toward it, she had pulled him back, saying:

"Stop, Benny! Don't touch the dirty little creature! Let her alone—she'll stop crying in a minute."

"I wish I could give her a pair of shoes," Ben had said; "her feet look so cold!"

"Oh! poor people like her don't feel the cold. They are used to going barefoot," Milly had answered, still hurrying him on.

They ended their homeward walk in silence. Benny was feeling sorry for the very shabby and unhappy little girl, and Milly was trying not to blame herself, or at least to forget that pitiful little face by saying to herself: "It's nothing to me, anyway."

That night, long after everybody was asleep, the snow-soldier came to Milly.

"Get up!" he said sternly.

She obeyed him. And now comes the strangest part of the story. She was Milly still, and yet so light that she seemed to float beside him out of the room, and down the stairs, and through the front door, and straight to the wretched part of the city where the poor folks lived. There she saw men, women, and children huddled together on bare floors or heaps of straw and rags, with scarcely anything to cover their poor, shiver-

ing bodies. Whenever the snow-man put his head in at the windows and doors, they would shiver worse than before, and utter moans that made Milly tremble. In one place she saw a pale young woman, with a baby in her arms, crouching before an empty stove. A few ashes lay on the hearth, and these would light up a little whenever the mother blew upon them. As the snow-man rattled the broken window sash, the poor woman cried bitterly, and tried to warm the baby by holding it against her breast; but Milly knew, by the pinched look of the thin baby-face, that it was dying of hunger and cold.

Other sights they saw that made Milly's heart ache as it never had ached before; and when she asked leave to go home and send blankets and coal and wood to all these poor creatures, he held her back, growling:

"Come on! Poor people like these don't feel the cold. They're used to it."

This sounded so cruel, so heartless, that Milly drew back in horror. Then the snow-man vanished. Whether he floated off or melted away, as snow-men often do, she never knew. But one thing is quite certain: from that night Milly began to improve. One does not in a twinkling conquer habits of selfish indifference and gain a life of good deeds and kindly sympathy for others. But Milly did improve wonderfully; and she never again said: "Oh! poor folks don't feel the cold."

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

bowstring: it was a custom of the Turks to put offenders to death by strangling them with a bowstring.

THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

Captain John Hull was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the current coinage consisted of the gold and silver money of England, Portugal, and Spain. These coins being scarce, the people were often forced to barter their commodities instead of selling them.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam shells; and this strange sort of specie was likewise taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver or gold.

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade one with another increased, the want of current money was still more sensibly felt. To supply the demand, the General Court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Captain John Hull was appointed to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the old silver in the colony was handed over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans and tankards, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons of worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at court—all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting-pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which the English buccaneers —who were little better than pirates—had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date, 1652, on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he would but give up that twentieth shilling which he was continually dropping into his own pocket. But Captain Hull declared himself perfectly satisfied with the shilling. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money-bags, and his strong box were overflowing.

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-courting his only daughter. His daughter—whose name I

do not know, but we will call her Betsey—was a fine, hearty damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own days. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin-pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. With this round, rosy Miss Betsey did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious in his business, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent.

"Yes, you may take her," said he, in his rough way, "and you'll find her a heavy burden enough!"

On the wedding day, we may suppose that honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's chair; and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow. On the opposite side of the room, between her bridemaids, sat Miss Betsey. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold-lace waistcoat, with as much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and so thought the bridemaids and Miss Betsey herself.

The mint-master also was pleased with his new son-in-law; especially as he had courted Miss Betsey out of pure love, and had said nothing at all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over,

Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his men-servants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as wholesale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities; and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

"Daughter Betsey," said the mint-master, "get into one side of these scales."

Miss Betsey—or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her—did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why and wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay

for her by the pound (in which case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

"And now," said honest John Hull to the servants, "bring that box hither."

The box to which the mint-master pointed was a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for four of you to play at hide-and-seek in it. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor. Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury. But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsey remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

bullion: uncoined gold or silver.—**personable**: of good appearance.—**portion**: the money, goods, or estate that a woman brings her husband in marriage.—**recep'tacle**: that which is used for containing something.

BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! oh, hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field, or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

scar: a steep, rocky height.

THE GREAT BLIZZARD

A blizzard on the prairie corresponds to a storm at sea; it never affects the traveler twice alike. Each Norther seems to have a manner of attack all its own. One storm may be short, sharp, high-keyed, and malevolent, while another approaches slowly, relentlessly, wearing out the souls of its victims by its inexorable and long-continued cold and gloom. One threatens for hours before it comes, the other leaps like a tiger upon a defenceless settlement, catching the children unhoused, the men unprepared; of this character was the first blizzard Lincoln Stewart ever saw.

The day was warm and sunny. The eaves dripped musically, and the icicles dropping from the roof fell occasionally with a pleasant crash. The snow grew slushy, and the bells of wood teams jingled merrily all the forenoon, as the farmers drove to their timberlands five or six miles away. The room was uncomfortably warm at times, and the master opened the outside door. It was the eighth day of January. One afternoon recess, as the boys were playing in their shirt sleeves, Lincoln called Milton's attention to a great cloud rising in the west and north.

"It's going to storm," said Milton. "It always does when we have a south wind and a cloud like that in the west."

When Lincoln set out for home, the sun was still shining, but the edge of the cloud had crept, or, more properly, slid, across the sun's disk, and its light was growing pale and cold. In fifteen minutes more the

wind from the south ceased—there was a moment of breathless pause, and then, borne on the wings of the north wind, the streaming clouds of soft, large flakes of snow drove in a level line over the homeward-bound scholars, sticking to their clothing and faces and melting rapidly. It was not yet cold enough to freeze, though the wind was colder. The growing darkness troubled Lincoln most.

By the time he reached home, the wind was a gale, the snow a vast, blinding cloud, filling the air and hiding the road. Darkness came on instantly, and the wind increased in power, as though with the momentum of the snow. Mr. Stewart came home early, yet the breasts of his horses were already sheathed in snow. Other teamsters passed, breasting the storm, and calling cheerily to their horses. One team, containing a woman and two men, neighbors living seven miles north, gave up the contest, and turned in at the gate for shelter, confident that they would be able to go on in the morning. In the barn, while rubbing the ice from the horses, the men joked and told stories in a jovial spirit, with the feeling generally that all would be well by daylight. The boys made merry also, singing songs, popping corn, playing games, in defiance of the storm.

But when they went to bed, at ten o'clock, Lincoln felt some vague premonition of a dread disturbance of nature, far beyond any other experience in his short life. The wind howled like ten thousand tigers, and the cold grew more and more intense. The wind seemed to drive in and through the frail dwelling;

water and food began to freeze within ten feet of the fire.

Lincoln thought the wind at that hour had attained its utmost fury, but when he awoke in the morning, he saw how mistaken he had been. The house shook and snapped, the snow beat in muffled, rhythmic pulsations against the walls, or swirled and lashed upon the roof, giving rise to strange sounds; now dim and far, now near and all surrounding; producing an effect of mystery and infinite reach, as if the cabin were a helpless boat, tossing on an angry, limitless sea.

Looking out, there was nothing to be seen but the lashing of the wind and snow. When the men attempted to face it, to go to the rescue of the cattle, they found the air impenetrably filled with fine, powdery snow, mixed with the dirt caught up from the plowed fields by a terrific blast, moving ninety miles an hour. It was impossible to see twenty feet, except at long intervals. Lincoln could not see at all when facing the storm. When he stepped into the wind, his face was coated with ice and dirt, as by a dash of mud—a mask which blinded the eyes, and instantly froze to his cheeks. Such was the power of the wind that he could not breathe an instant unprotected. His mouth being once open, it was impossible to draw breath again without turning from the wind.

The day was spent in keeping warm and in feeding the stock at the barn, which Mr. Stewart reached by desperate dashes, during the momentary clearing of the air following some more than usually strong gust. Lincoln attempted to water the horses from the pump,

but the wind blew the water out of the pail. So cold had it become that a dipperful of water, thrown into the air, fell as ice. In the house it became more and more difficult to remain cheerful, notwithstanding the family had fuel and food in abundance.

Oh, that terrible day! Hour after hour they listened to that prodigious, appalling, ferocious uproar. All day Lincoln and Owen moved restlessly to and fro, asking each other, "Won't it ever stop?" To them the storm now seemed too vast, too ungovernable, ever again to be spoken to a calm, even by God himself. It seemed to Lincoln that no power whatever could control such fury; his imagination was unable to conceive of a force greater than this war of wind and snow.

On the third day the family rose with weariness, and looked into one another's faces with a sort of horrified surprise. Not even the invincible heart of Duncan Stewart, nor the cheery good nature of his wife, could keep a gloomy silence from settling down upon the house. Conversation was scanty; nobody laughed that day, but all listened anxiously to the invisible tearing at the shingles, beating against the door, and shrieking around the eaves. The frost upon the windows, nearly half an inch thick in the morning, kept thickening into ice, and the light was dim at midday. The fire melted the snow on the window panes and upon the door, and ran along the floor, while around the keyhole and along every crack, frost formed. The men's faces began to wear a grim, set look, and the women sat with awed faces and downcast eyes full of

unshed tears, their sympathies going out to the poor travelers, lost and freezing.

The men got to the poor dumb animals that day to feed them; to water them was impossible. Mr. Stewart went down through the roof of the shed, the door being completely sealed up with solid banks of snow and dirt. One of the guests had a wife and two children left alone in a small cottage six miles farther on, and physical force was necessary to keep him from setting out in face of the deadly tempest. To him the nights seemed weeks, and the days interminable, as they did to the rest, but it would have been death to venture out.

That night, so disturbed had all become, that they lay awake listening, waiting, hoping for a change. About midnight Lincoln noticed that the roar was no longer so steady, so relentless, and so high-keyed as before. It began to lull at times, and though it came back to the attack with all its former ferocity, still there was a perceptible weakening. One of the men shouted down to Mr. Stewart, "The storm is over," and when the host called back a ringing word of cheer, Lincoln sank into deep sleep in sheer relief.

Oh, the joy with which the children melted the ice on the window panes, and peered out on the familiar landscape, dazzling, peaceful, under the brilliant sun and wide blue sky. Lincoln looked out over the wide plain, ridged with vast drifts; on the far blue line of timber, on the nearby cottages sending up cheerful columns of smoke (as if to tell him the neighbors were alive), and his heart seemed to fill his throat. But the

wind was with him still, for so long and continuous had its voice sounded in his ears, that even in the perfect calm his imagination supplied its loss with fainter, fancied roarings.

And then in the days which followed, came grim tales of suffering and heroism—tales of the finding of stage-coaches with the driver frozen on his seat and all his passengers within; tales of travelers striving to reach home and families. Cattle had starved and frozen in their stalls, and sheep lay buried in heaps beside the fences where they had clustered together to keep warm. These days gave Lincoln a new conception of the prairies. He learned that however bright and beautiful they might be in summer under skies of June, they could be terrible when the Norther was abroad in his wrath. They seemed now as pitiless and destructive as the polar ocean. It seemed as if nothing could live there unhoused. All was at the mercy of that power, the North Wind, whom only the Lord Sun could tame.

—Hamlin Garland (*Abridged*).

malev'olent: wishing evil.—**inex'orable**: not to be persuaded.—**prodigious** (prŏ-dĭj' ŭs): huge, enormous.—**appall'ing**: frightening.—**invin'cible**: unconquerable.—**inter'minable**: unending.

FRANKLIN IN A LONDON PRINTER'S OFFICE

At my first admission into this printing house I took to working at the press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been us'd to in America, where presswork is mix'd with composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers of beer. On occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the Water-American, as they called me, was stronger than themselves, who drank strong beer! We had an ale-house boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen.

My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he suppos'd, to drink strong beer, that he might be strong to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore, if he would eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings

to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor; an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

Watts, after some weeks, desiring to have me in the composing room, I left the pressmen; a new *bien venu* or sum for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid below; the master thought so, too, and forbade my paying it.

I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private mischief done me, by mixing my sorts, transposing my pages, breaking my matter, etc., etc., if I were ever so little out of the room, and all ascribed to the chappel ghost, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted, that, notwithstanding the master's protection, I found myself oblig'd to comply and pay the money, convinc'd of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually.

I was now on a fair footing with them, and soon acquir'd considerable influence. I propos'd some reasonable alterations in their chappel laws, and carried them against all opposition. From my example, a great part of them left their muddling breakfast of beer, and bread, and cheese, finding they could with me be supply'd from a neighbouring house with a large porringer of hot water-gruel, sprinkled with pepper, crumb'd with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer—viz., three halfpence. This

was a more comfortable as well as cheaper breakfast, and kept their heads clearer.

Those who continued sotting with beer all day, were often, by not paying, out of credit at the ale house,

and us'd to make interest with me to get beer; their light, as they phrased it, being out. I watch'd the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engag'd for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their accounts. This, and my being esteem'd a pretty good riggite, that is, a jocular verbal satirist, supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a St. Monday) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon all work of dispatch, which was

generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably.

—Benjamin Franklin.

bien venu (bē-ăn' vĕ-nū'): welcome.—**excommunicate**: shut off from communion with.—**sorts**: types.—**chap'pel**: a printing office, said to be so called because printing in England was first carried on in a chapel near Westminster.—**jocular verbal satirist**: a good-naturedly witty man.—**St. Monday**: this refers to the habit of printers to stay away from work, for one reason or another, on Monday, thus making another "holy" day of it.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—Leigh Hunt.

CAPTURING A CROCODILE

Acting under the advice of a Chinese fisherman who seemed to know how to catch crocodiles with a hook and line, we got a rattan about forty feet long for a line, and a dry cocoanut to tie at one end as a float. The Chinaman then proceeded to make an "alir," such as the Malays use in Sarawak, by whittling an inch piece of tough green wood ten inches long into a shape something like a crescent, sharp at both ends and with a groove running round the stick at the middle, which was the thickest part, where the line was to be attached.

Some soft but very tough green bark was then procured from the jungle, and braided into a line six feet long, which was at one end fastened firmly round the middle of the alir, and at the other to the long rattan rope. This bark line was supposed to be so soft and tough that no crocodile could bite it in two. The bait used was the body of a sting ray caught by one of the fishermen, which was lashed securely to the alir, one end of which was then bent up close to the bark line and tied to it with a bit of string that could be broken by a slight pull. The intention was that the alir should be swallowed point foremost, and when we pulled on the line the upper point would catch in the side of the stomach, break the string, and instantly bring the alir crosswise in the crocodile's interior.

The crocodile we wanted to catch was well known by his repeated appearance at the village, within stone's throw of the houses, and he was described as

being a perfect monster, with a throat large enough to swallow a large-sized man, instantly. The villagers manifested great interest in our effort, and helped us in every possible way.

We took our tackle just far enough above the village to be out of sight, for we wanted our victim to have so good an opportunity that he would not feel bashful. Following the custom of the Malays we found an overhanging branch, quite low down, over the end of which we threw our line so that the bait hung within six inches of the water at high tide, and so adjusted that a very slight pull would bring it down. The rattan line we threw into the stream with the cocoanut buoy at the end, and quietly retired to the village to await developments.

At the close of the day the bait still hung there undisturbed, and I walked home hoping for better luck on the morrow. The next morning we were there soon after sunrise, and the Chinaman joyfully informed us the bait was gone. We got into a small Malay sampan and paddled up the creek, at once, to investigate. We found the cocoanut moving slowly through the water against the current and upon laying hold of the line we felt that there was big game at the other end. We gave a vigorous pull, and the next instant were almost capsized in midstream by a pull in return. We then passed the line over the stern of the boat and while I held it, the rest began to paddle downstream toward the village where we proposed to land it.

Then he showed himself. He rose to the surface,

apparently to see what was the matter, and, after giving a good look at us, started forward and began to turn as if about to go upstream. Before he had turned half round he fetched up with a violent jerk which must have given one point of the alir a vicious dig into the side of his stomach; for he began to plunge and thrash around with great violence, sending the water circling around him in huge waves. There was also considerable excitement at our end of the line, for the sampan was small, light, and contained three men of good weight. Chinaman, Malay, and Anglo-Saxon, each shouted at the other two in his own language. Had we been capsized I scarcely know which would have disgusted me most, the ducking in that dirty creek, full of crocodiles, or the loss of my rifle. As soon as we could I tied the weapon fast to the boat so that in the event of a mishap I would not lose it.

After this struggle the crocodile seemed to give up the fight, for he allowed himself to be towed down to the village without further resistance. But as we neared the landing place where we intended to haul him out, he made a final and still more vigorous struggle to get free. He snapped his jaws angrily together in an effort to cut the line, but it was of no use, so shutting them together like a vise he plunged first to one side and then the other, striking out with tail and legs, diving deeply one moment and suddenly thrusting his ugly snout far out of water the next.

Another boat came to our assistance at this point

and the huge old reptile was dragged shoreward by main force. The men landed and dragged him close up to the shore without further resistance on his part, whereupon I fired a bullet into his neck from the side, which cut his spinal marrow so neatly that the vertebra was but very slightly injured. He was the very crocodile we wanted, and his death occasioned no sorrow. He measured exactly twelve feet in length, and his weight was four hundred and fifteen pounds.

—William T. Hornaday.

sting ray: a kind of flat fish.—**sam'pan**: a Chinese boat, from twelve to fifteen feet long.

THE "CAP-POPPERS"

At the time I am telling of, Tartarin of Tarascon had not become the present-day Tartarin, the great one so popular in the whole South of France; but yet he was even then the cock of the walk at Tarascon.

Let us show whence arose this sovereignty.

In the first place you must know that everybody is shooting mad in these parts, from the greatest to the least. The chase is the local craze, and so it has ever been since the mythological times when the Tarasque, as the country dragon was called, flourished himself and his tail in the town marshes, and entertained shooting parties got up to go against him. So you see the passion has lasted for some time.

It follows that, every Sunday morning, Tarascon flies to arms, lets loose the dogs of the hunt, and rushes out of its walls, with game-bag slung and fowling-piece on the shoulder, together with a hurly-burly of hounds, cracking of whips, and blowing of whistles and hunting-horns. It's splendid to see! Unfortunately, there's a lack of game, an absolute dearth.

Stupid as the brute creation is, you can readily understand that, in time, it learned some distrust.

For five leagues around about Tarascon, lairs and burrows are empty, and nesting-places abandoned. You'll not find a single quail or blackbird, one little leveret, or the tiniest tit. And yet the pretty hillocks are mightily tempting, sweet-smelling as they are of myrtle, lavender, and rosemary; and the fine grapes plumped out with sweetness even unto bursting, as they spread along the banks of the Rhone, are mightily tempting too. True, true; but Tarascon lies behind all this, and Tarascon is down in the black books of the world of fur and feather. The very birds of passage have ticked it off on their guide-books, and when the wild ducks, coming down in long triangles, spy the town steeples from afar, the outermost flyers squawk out loudly:

"Look out! there's Tarascon! give Tarascon the go-by, duckies!"

And the flocks take a swerve.

In short, as far as game goes, there's not a specimen left in the land save one old rogue of a hare, escaped by miracle from the massacres, who is stubbornly determined to stick to it all his life! He is

very well known at Tarascon, and a name has been given him. "Rapid" is what they call him. It is known that he has his burrow on Mr. Bompard's ground—which, by the way, has doubled, ay, tripled, the value of the property—but nobody has yet managed to lay him low. At present, only two or three persistent fellows worry themselves about him. The rest have given him up as a bad job, and old Rapid has long ago passed into the legendary world.

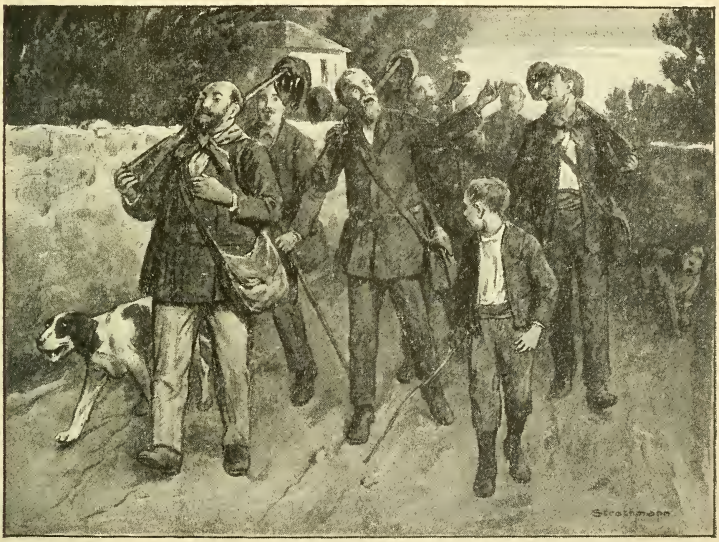
"But that won't do!" you will say. Inasmuch as game is so scarce, what can the sportsmen do every Sunday?

What can they do?

Why, goodness gracious! they go out into the real country two or three leagues from town. They gather in knots of five or six, recline tranquilly in the shade of some well, old wall, or olive tree, extract from their game-bags a good-sized piece of boiled beef, raw onions, a sausage, and anchovies, and commence a next to endless meal, washed down with one of those nice Rhone wines, which sets a toper laughing and singing. After that, when thoroughly braced up, they rise, whistle the dogs to heel, set the guns on half-cock, and go "on the shoot"—another way of saying that every man plucks off his cap, "shies" it up with all his might, and pops it on the fly with Number 5, 6, or 2 shot, according to the game for which his gun is loaded.

The man who lodges most shot in his cap is hailed as king of the hunt, and stalks back triumphantly at dusk into Tarascon, with his riddled cap on the end of his gun-barrel, amid any quantity of dog-barks.

It is needless to say that cap-selling is a fine business in the town. There are even some hatters who sell hunting-caps ready shot, torn, and perforated for the bad shots; but the only buyer known is the chemist Bezuquet. This is dishonorable!



As a marksman at caps, Tartarin of Tarascon never had his match.

Every Sunday morning out he would march in a new cap, and back he would strut every Sunday evening with a mere thing of shreds. The loft of Baobab Villa was full of these glorious trophies. Hence all Tarascon acknowledged him as master; and as Tartarin thoroughly understood hunting, and had read all the handbooks of all possible kinds of sport, from cap-popping to Burmese tiger-hunting,

the sportsmen constituted him their great judge, and took him for referee and arbitrator in all their differences.

Between three and four daily, at the gunsmith's, a stout, stern pipe-smoker might be seen in a green leather-covered arm-chair in the centre of the shop crammed with cap-poppers, they all on foot and wrangling. This was Tartarin of Tarascon delivering judgment—Nimrod plus Solomon.

—Alphonse Daudet.

Tartarin: tär-tä-răx′.—**Tarascon**: tä-räs-kôx′.—**dearth** (dērth): lack, famine.—**lev'eret**: a hare in the first year of its age.—**tit**: a small bird.—**ancho'vies**: a kind of small fish.—**Bezuquet**: bĕ-zŭ-kā′.—**Nim'rod**: a biblical character who was famous for his hunting exploits.

BALLAD-SINGING IN TARASCON

After the craze for sporting, the lusty Tarascon race cherishes one for love-ballad-singing. There's no believing what a quantity of ballads is used up in that little region. All the sentimental stuff turning into sere and yellow leaves in the oldest portfolios, is to be found in its first fresh glory in Tarascon, ay, the entire collection. Every family has its own pet, as is known to the town.

For instance, it is an established fact that in the chemist Bezuquet's family, the favorite is:

"Thou art the fair star that I adore!"

In the gunmaker's family:

"Would'st thou come to the land
Where the log-cabins rise?"

In the official registrar's family:

"If I wore a coat of invisible green,
Do you think for a moment I could be seen?"

And so it goes throughout Tarascon. Two or three times a week there were parties where they were sung.

The singularity was their being always the same, and that the honest Tarasconers had never an inclination to change them during the long, long time they had been harping on them. They were handed down from father to son in the families, without anybody improving on them; they were sacred. Never did it occur to the gunmaker's mind to sing the Bezuquets', or the Bezuquets to try the gunmaker's. And yet you may believe that they ought to know by heart what they had been singing for two-score years! But, nay! everybody stuck to his own, and they were all contented.

In ballad-singing, as in cap-popping, Tartarin was still the foremost. His superiority over his fellow-townsmen consisted in his not having any one song of his own, but in knowing the lot, the whole, mind you! But—there's a but—it was the most difficult thing in the world to get him to sing them.

Surfeited early in life with his drawing-room successes, our hero preferred by far burying himself in his hunting story-books, or spending the evening at the

club, to making a personal exhibition before a piano between a pair of home-made candles. These musical parades seemed beneath him. Nevertheless, at whiles, when there was a harmonic party at Bezuquet's, he would drop into the chemist's shop as if by chance, and, after a deal of pressure, would consent to do the grand duet in "Robert the Devil" with old Madame Bezuquet.

Whoso never heard that, never heard anything! For my part, even if I lived a hundred years, I should always see the mighty Tartarin solemnly stepping up to the piano, setting his arms akimbo, working up his tragic expression, and, beneath the green reflection from the show-bottles in the window, trying to give his pleasant visage the fierce and satanic expression of "Robert the Devil." Hardly would he fall into position before the whole audience would be shuddering with the foreboding that something uncommon was at hand. After a hush, old Madame Bezuquet would commence to her own accompaniment:

"Robert, my love is thine!
To thee I my faith did plight,
Thou seest my affright,—
Mercy for thine own sake,
And mercy for mine!"

In an undertone she would add: "Now, then, Tartarin!" Whereupon Tartarin of Tarascon, with crooked arms, clenched fists, and quivering nostrils, would roar three times in a formidable voice, rolling like a thunderclap in the depths of the instrument:

"No! no! no!" which, like the thorough southerner he was, he pronounced nasally as "Naw! naw! naw!" Then would old Madame Bezuquet again sing:

"Mercy for thine own sake,
And mercy for mine!"

"Naw! naw! naw!" bellowed Tartarin at his loudest, and there the gem ended.

Not long, you see; but it was so handsomely voiced forth, so clearly gesticulated, and so diabolical, that a tremor of terror overran the chemist's shop, and the "Naw! naw! naw!" would be encored several times running.

Upon this Tartarin would sponge his brow, smile on the ladies, wink to the sterner sex, and withdraw upon his triumph to go remark at the club with a trifling, offhand air:

"I have just come from the Bezuquets', where I was forced to sing 'em the duet from 'Robert the Devil.'"

The cream of the joke was that he really believed it.

—Alphonse Daudet.

surfeited (sûr' fĭt-ĕd): more than satisfied.—**Robert the Devil**: the name of an opera.

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favors fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall;
But all my heart is drawn above,
  My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
  Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
  Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair through faith and prayer
  A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
  A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
  I hear a noise of hymns.

Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice, but none are there;

The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.

Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
  The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
  And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
  I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
  I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
  Three angels bear the Holy Grail;
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
  On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
  My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
  And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
  Through dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
  The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
  And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
  And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
  No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessèd forms in whistling storms
  Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
  Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
  That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
  Pure spaces cloth'd in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
  Whose odors haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
  This mortal armor that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
  Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
  And through the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
  Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
  Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
"O just and faithful knight of God!
  Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
  Until I find the Holy Grail.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

casques (kásks): armor for the head and neck.—**thrall**: servitude, slavery.—**crypt**: a vault under a church, sometimes used as a chapel.—**void**: empty.—**chaunts**: same as chants; short, simple melodies.—**Holy Grail**: in legends, the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper. When approached by any one not perfectly pure and holy it vanished from the sight.

AN ADVENTURE IN A DESERT

In February, 1895, with four Turkish servants and eight camels Sven Hedin started to explore the great Takla-Makan Desert, which had never been entered by a European, and about which there were legends current among the people, telling of strange lost cities where bodies of men were mummified in attitudes that showed they had been suddenly stricken by death, of hidden treasures, and of desert spirits that mislead travelers to their bewilderment and death.

On April 10th they entered the desert, water for twenty-five days being carried in iron tanks on the camels' backs, and during thirteen days of scorching heat and bitter cold nights they crossed half the desert and came, at last, to small lakes of fresh water. Orders were given to carry ten days' supply of water from here, but the men took only enough for four days, as Hedin discovered two days afterward. He was then assured that there was no need of so much water, and that in six days they would come to a river, while in three days they would be in a region where water could be found by digging.

This was a mistake, and a fatal one. After two days more all began to suffer. Three camels were the first to give out, one of the dogs was wise enough to run away, and the men sickened, wept, and called upon Allah in their misery. No living thing was seen, even flies, butterflies, and mosquitoes were absent—all was an ocean of lifeless, featureless sand, piled in a labyrinth of hills and winding valleys, glaring yellow in

the hot sun, or swept into whirling clouds that penetrated everything.

On April 26th they tried to dig a well, and in a few feet came to a cool, moist sand, but below this the sand was dry again, and they despaired. Next day whatever could be easily spared was abandoned, and the ration of water was reduced to two cups a day for each man, and a bowlful for the remaining dog and each sheep. In the afternoon clouds were seen, and they prepared to catch the rain, but no drop fell. From this time on the condition of men and animals grew steadily worse, until most of their baggage was abandoned, and on April 30th, after one man had stolen a drink and been attacked by the rest, only one third of a pint of water remained, and part of this was soon stolen by two others of the famished men.

May 1st was a day of terrors. All water was gone, and there was only rancid oil for drinking, and before noon all were prostrated, even their leader losing all hope. At sunset, the coolness brought strength; the last sheep was killed, its blood was drunk, the few last articles of food and the indispensable baggage were packed on the five camels, and they crept onward. But two of the men had lost consciousness and were left behind to be buried in the sand by the winds. At midnight another man fell, and with Kasim, the last of his companions, Sven Hedin crawled on. Hedin carried two chronometers, a clock, a compass, a knife, pen, bit of paper, a can of lobster (because of its moisture), and some chocolate. Kasim carried a spade and bucket, a few bits of bread, and the tail of the sheep.

As they left the encampment they could see the light burning beside the dying man they had left behind, but soon this disappeared behind the sand dunes. Hour after hour they toiled forward, resting at short intervals, but driven onward by the intense night cold. When the sun rose they suffered intensely from the heat, and finally were forced to dig down to the cooler sand below the surface, where they lay stripped to the skin, and sheltered from the sun's rays by their clothing stretched over the shovel. On the third day after leaving the camp, Kasim discovered a tamarisk on the horizon, and when, with great suffering, they reached it, they thanked God and chewed its juicy needles. Not long after, they rested in the shade of another bush, and late in the evening arrived near three poplars, where they tried to dig a well, but were too exhausted.

The next day they came upon another sterile region, which so discouraged them that they remained in one spot till seven o'clock in the evening. Then Sven Hedin called upon Kasim to go forward, but his companion had hardly strength to gasp that he could not move, and Hedin crept on alone until one o'clock in the morning, reaching another tamarisk shrub. Here Kasim joined him, and the two moved on until three o'clock in the morning. On the fifth they still toiled onward, but could not travel until late in the afternoon. On the horizon they saw a dark line, the woods along the river. At seven o'clock, after a rest, Sven Hedin rose to go onward, but Kasim, stretched on his back, refused to move a limb, saying he wished only to die.

Sven Hedin says: "I had eaten nothing for ten days; I had drunk nothing for nine. I crossed the forest crawling on all fours, tottering from tree to tree. I carried the half of the spade as a crutch. At last I came to an open place. The forest ended like a devastated plain." Hedin had reached the bed of the river, which he knew by the scattered tree trunks and furrows in the sand, but there was not one drop of water in its bed.

In the moonlight, feeling "an irresistible impulse to go forward and as if led by an unseen hand, I went on, I meant to live. I would find water. I was very weak, but I crawled on all fours, and at last I crossed the river-bed." Sven Hedin crept southeastward across the course of the river, when suddenly a water-fowl sprang up with a whir of wings and a splashing sound. "The next moment," he writes, "I stood at the edge of a little pool, twenty metres long, of fresh, cold, splendid water. I thanked God first, and then I felt my pulse. I wanted to see the effect that drinking would have on it. It was at forty-eight. Then I drank. I drank fearfully. I had a little tin with me. It had contained chocolates, but I had thrown these away, as I could swallow nothing. The tin I had kept. I had felt sure, all the time, that I should find water, and that I should use that tin as a drinking-cup. I drank and drank and drank. It was a most lovely feeling. I felt my blood liquefying. It began to run in my veins; my pores opened. My pulse went up at once to fifty-three.

"As I lay there I heard a noise in the reeds like

a big animal moving. I thought it must be a tiger. There are tigers there. I had not the faintest feeling of fear. I felt that the life that had been just regained could not be taken from me by such a beast as a tiger. I waited for him with pleasure. I wanted to look into his eyes. He did not come."

As soon as he regained strength Sven Hedin turned back to find Kasim, carrying his waterproof boots full of water, slung upon the spade handle. He followed his own track, but in the darkness he lost the trail, and building a huge fire to keep off wild beasts, waited until sunrise. Then he found the trail and soon came upon Kasim lying as he had left him. Kasim crept a yard or two nearer, gasping out, "I am dying." When he heard the plash of the water he uttered a cry, and in a moment more drank every drop. Directing Kasim to follow the trail of footsteps to the pool, Sven Hedin kept to the river bank southward for two days, almost starved, living upon a few frogs, young reed-shoots, and grass. He was searching for a caravan track that he had seen on a map.

At last he came upon men's footprints and the tracks of four donkeys. Following these he heard a shout, and then the lowing of a cow, and in a moment more met one of a company of shepherds. The next day a caravan of a hundred donkeys, carrying rice, passed the shepherds' hut, and from them Sven Hedin learned that the day before they had found a man, nearly dead, lying beside a white camel. To their questions he could only gasp out, "Su! Su!" ("Water! Water!") When they had given him drink and food,

he had begged them to search for Sven Hedin and the others of the caravan. So Sven Hedin knew that the man, whom they had abandoned in the desert, was saved. Before many days he and Kasim were rescued and once more with their leader.

—Tudor Jenks.

Sven Hedin (svĕn hā-dēn′): a Swedish explorer who has traveled much in central Asia.—**Takla Makan**: täk′ lä mä-kän′.—**Al′lah**: the Arabian and Mohammedan name for the Supreme Being.—**ran′cid**: musty.—**Kasim**: kä-sēm′.—**chronom′eters**: instruments for measuring time.—**tam′arisk**: a kind of shrub or tree that grows in some parts of Europe and Asia.—**ster′ile**: barren.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

Glaucus turned in gratitude but in awe, caught Ione once more in his arms, and fled along the street, that was yet intensely luminous. But suddenly a duller shade fell over the air. Instinctively he turned to the mountain, and behold! one of the two gigantic crests, into which the summit had been divided, rocked and wavered to and fro; and then, with a sound, the mightiness of which no language can describe, it fell from its burning base, and rushed, an avalanche of fire, down the sides of the mountain! At the same instant gushed forth a volume of blackest smoke rolling on, over air, sea, and earth.

Another — and another — and another shower of ashes far more profuse than before, scattered fresh desolation along the streets. Darkness once more wrapped them as a veil; and Glaucus, his bold heart at

last quelled and despairing, sank beneath the cover of an arch, and, clasping Ione to his heart, resigned himself to die.

Meanwhile, Nydia, when separated by the throng from Glaucus and Ione, had in vain endeavored to regain them. In vain she raised that plaintive cry so peculiar to the blind; it was lost amidst a thousand shrieks of more selfish terror. Again and again she returned to the spot where they had been divided—to find her companions gone, to seize every fugitive—to inquire of Glaucus—to be dashed aside in the impatience of distraction. Who in that hour spared one thought to his neighbor? Perhaps in scenes of universal horror, nothing is more horrid than the unnatural selfishness they engender.

At length it occurred to Nydia, that as it had been resolved to seek the seashore for escape, her most probable chance of rejoining her companions would be to persevere in that direction. Guiding her steps, then, by the staff which she always carried, she continued, with incredible dexterity, to avoid the masses of ruin that encumbered the path—to thread the streets—and unerringly (so blessed now was that accustomed darkness, so afflicting in ordinary life!) to take the nearest direction to the seaside.

Poor girl!—her courage was beautiful to behold!—and Fate seemed to favor one so helpless. The boiling torrents touched her not, save by the general rain which accompanied them; the huge fragments of scoria shivered the pavement before and beside her, but spared that frail form: and when the lesser ashes fell

over her, she shook them away with a slight tremor, and dauntlessly resumed her course.

Weak, exposed, yet fearless, supported but by one wish, she was a very emblem of Psyche in her wanderings; of Hope, walking through the Valley of the Shadow; of the soul itself—lone but undaunted, amidst the dangers and the snares of life!

Her path was, however, constantly impeded by the crowds that now groped amidst the gloom, now fled in the temporary glare of the lightnings across the scene; and, at length, a group of torch-bearers rushing full against her, she was thrown down with some violence.

"What!" said the voice of one of the party, "is this the brave blind girl? She must not be left here to die! Up! my Thessalian! So—so. Are you hurt? That's well. Come along with us, to the shore!"

"O Sallust! It is thy voice! The gods be thanked! Glaucus! Glaucus! have ye seen him?"

"Not I. He is doubtless out of the city by this time. The gods who saved him from the lion will save him from the burning mountain."

As the kindly Sallust thus encouraged Nydia, he drew her along with him towards the sea, heeding not her passionate entreaties that he would linger yet a while to search for Glaucus; and still, in the accent of despair, she continued to shriek out that beloved name which, amidst all the roar of the convulsed elements, kept alive a music in her heart.

The sudden illumination, the bursts of the floods of lava, and the earthquake, which we have already de-

scribed, chanced when Sallust and his party had just gained the direct path leading from the city to the port; and here they were arrested by an immense crowd, more than half the population of the city. They spread along the field without the walls, thousands upon thousands, uncertain whither to fly. The sea had retired far from the shore; and they who had fled to it had been so terrified by the agitation and preternatural shrinking of the element, the gasping forms of the uncouth sea things which the waves had left upon the sand, and by the sound of the huge stones cast from the mountain into the deep, that they had returned again to the land, as presenting the less frightful aspect of the two. Thus the two streams of human beings, the one rushing seaward, the other from the sea, had met together, feeling a sad comfort in numbers; arrested in despair and doubt.

At that moment, a wild yell burst through the air; and, thinking only of escape, whither it knew not, the terrible tiger of the desert leaped amongst the throng, and hurried through its parted streams. And so came the earthquake, and darkness once more fell over the earth!

And now new fugitives arrived. Grasping the treasures no longer destined for their lord, the slaves of Arbaces joined the throng. One only of their torches now flickered. It was borne by Sosia; and its light falling on the face of Nydia, he recognized the Thessalian.

"What avails thy liberty now, blind girl?" said the slave.

"Who art thou? canst thou tell me of Glaucus?"

"Ay; I saw him but a few minutes since."

"Blessed be thy head! where?"

"Crouched beneath the arch of the forum—dead or dying!—gone to rejoin Arbaces who is no more!"

Nydia uttered not a word, she slid from the side of Sallust; silently she glided through those behind her, and retraced her steps to the city. She gained the forum—the arch; she stooped down—she felt around—she called on the name of Glaucus.

A weak voice answered, "Who calls on me? Is it the voice of the Shades? Lo! I am prepared!"

"Arise! follow me! Take my hand! Glaucus, thou shalt be saved!"

In wonder and sudden hope, Glaucus arose—"Nydia still? Ah! thou, then, art safe!"

The tender joy of his voice pierced the heart of the poor Thessalian, and she blessed him for his thought of her.

Half leading, half carrying Ione, Glaucus followed his guide. With admirable discretion, she avoided the path which led to the crowd she had just quitted, and, by another route, sought the shore.

After many pauses and incredible perseverance, they gained the sea, and joined a group, who, bolder than the rest, resolved to hazard any peril rather than continue in such a scene. In darkness they put forth to sea; but, as they cleared the land and caught new aspects of the mountain, its channels of molten fire threw a partial redness over the waves.

Utterly exhausted and worn out, Ione slept on the breast of Glaucus and Nydia lay at his feet. Meanwhile the showers of dust and ashes, still borne aloft, fell into the waves, and scattered their snows over the deck. Far and wide, borne by the winds, those showers descended upon the remotest climes, startling even the swarthy African; and whirled along the antique soil of Syria and of Egypt.

—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Glaucus (glą′ kŭs): the hero of a story, "The Last Days of Pompeii," from which this selection is taken.—**Ione** (ī-ō′ nē̆): the promised bride of Glaucus.—**Nydia** (nĭd′ ĭ-à): a blind girl who loved Glaucus.—**engen'der**: to cause to exist.—**sco'ria**: volcanic cinders.—**Psyche** (sī′ kē): in mythology, a beautiful maiden, the personification of the soul.—**Thessa'lian**: a native of Thessaly, a part of Greece.—**preternat'ural**: strange, uncommon.—**Arbaces**: är-bā′ sēz.—**forum**: market place and general meeting place.—**Shades**: souls after their separation from the body. So called because the ancients supposed them to be perceptible to the sight but not to the touch.

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—William Cullen Bryant.

REBECCA DESCRIBES THE SIEGE TO THE WOUNDED IVANHOE

The following selection is taken from Sir Walter Scott's story "Ivanhoe." A party of Saxons with whom were traveling Isaac, a Jew, his daughter, Rebecca, and the knight, Ivanhoe, who had been wounded in a tournament and was being cared for by Isaac and Rebecca, had been set upon by a party of Normans and imprisoned in the castle of Front-de-Boeuf, which rightly belonged to Ivanhoe. Some faithful retainers of the Saxon, Cedric, had managed, with the aid of Locksley, an outlaw, to bring together a party to besiege the castle and free the prisoners. It is during their first assault that the following incident occurs.

"And I must lie here like a bedridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hands of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath— Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca, "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Boeuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again, there is now less danger."

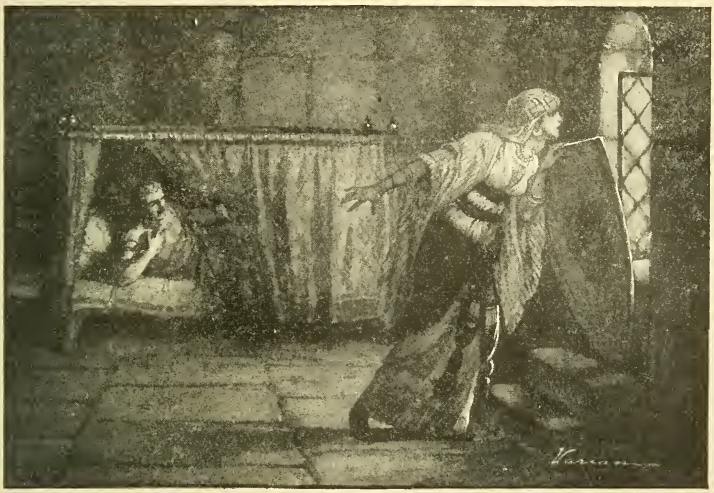
Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed, "Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Boeuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand, on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed, "He is down!—he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm—His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Boeuf with blow on blow—The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Boeuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Boeuf!" answered the Jewess; "his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause—They drag Front-de-Boeuf within the walls."



"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca—"and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine image, that it should be defaced by the hands of their brethren?"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts—Who yield?—who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—The besieged have the better."

"Saint George, strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca, "they bear themselves right yeomanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge ax—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!"

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won—Oh, God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear, tell the fate of the others—Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

—Sir Walter Scott.

bar'bican: an advanced work that defends the entrance to a castle.—**Front-de-Boeuf**: frôn-deh-bĕf'.—**yeoman** (yō'man): a freeholder, next in rank to a gentleman.—**St. John of Acre**: a seaport in Palestine taken by the Crusaders after a two years' siege.

A LETTER FROM COLUMBUS

The following letter was written aboard ship, by Columbus, March 14, 1493, "to the noble Lord Raphael Sanchez, Treasurer to their most invincible Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain." It was written in Spanish, but the original is supposed to have been lost. Latin translations of it were made and published in different cities; and a poetical translation was made in Italian, and was sung about the streets of Italy.

Knowing that it will afford you pleasure to learn that I have brought my undertaking to a successful termination, I have decided upon writing you this letter to acquaint you with all the events which have occurred in my voyage, and the discoveries which have resulted from it. Thirty-three days after my departure from Cadiz, I reached the Indian Sea, where I discovered many islands, thickly peopled, of which I took possession, without resistance, in the name of our most illustrious Monarch, by public proclamation and with unfurled banners. To the first of these islands, which is called by the Indians Guanahani, I gave the name of the blessed Saviour (San Salvador), relying upon whose protection I had reached this as well as the other islands. To each of these I also gave a name, ordering that one should be called Santa Maria de la Concepcion; another, Fernandina; the third, Isabella; the fourth, Juana; and so with all the rest respectively.

As soon as we arrived at that, which, as I have said, was named Juana, I proceeded along its coast a short distance westward, and found it to be so large, and apparently without termination, that I could not sup-

pose it to be an island, but the continental province of Cathay. Seeing, however, no towns or populous places on the sea coast, but only a few detached houses and cottages, with whose inhabitants I was unable to communicate, because they fled as soon as they saw us, I went further on thinking that in my progress I should certainly find some city or village.

At length, after proceeding a great way, and finding that nothing new presented itself, and that the line of coast was leading us northwards, I resolved not to attempt any further progress, but rather to turn back, and retrace my course to a certain bay that I had observed, and from which I afterwards dispatched two of our men to ascertain whether there were a king or any cities in that province. These men reconnoitred the country for three days, and found a most numerous population, and great numbers of houses, though small, and built without any regard to order; with which information they returned to us. In the mean time, I had learned from some Indians whom I had seized, that that country was certainly an island; and therefore I sailed towards the east, coasting to the distance of three hundred and twenty-two miles, which brought us to the extremity of it: from this point I saw lying eastwards another island, fifty-four miles distant from Juana, to which I gave the name of Española.

All these islands are very beautiful, and distinguished by a diversity of scenery. They are filled with a great variety of trees of immense height, which I believe to retain their foliage in all seasons; for when

I saw them they were as verdant and luxuriant as they usually are in Spain in the month of May—some of them were blossoming, some bearing fruit, and all flourishing in the greatest perfection, according to their respective stages of growth, and the nature and quality of each: yet the islands are not so thickly wooded as to be impassable. The nightingale and various birds were singing in countless numbers, and that in November, the month in which I arrived there.

None of the natives are possessed of any iron; neither have they weapons, being unacquainted with, and, indeed, incompetent to use, them; not from any deformity of body—for they are well formed—but because they are timid, and full of fear. They carry, however, instead of arms, canes dried in the sun, on the ends of which they fix heads of dried wood sharpened to a point: and even these they dare not use habitually; for it has often occurred, when I have sent two or three of my men to any of the villages to speak with the natives, that they have come out in a disorderly troop, and have fled in such haste, at the approach of our men, that the fathers forsook their children, and the children their fathers.

This timidity did not arise from any loss or injury that they had received from us; for, on the contrary, I gave to all I approached whatever articles I had about me, such as cloth, and many other things, taking nothing of theirs in return: but they are naturally timid and fearful. As soon, however, as they see that

they are safe, and have laid aside all fear, they are very simple and honest, and exceedingly liberal with all that they have, none of them refusing any thing he may possess when he is asked for it, but, on the contrary, inviting us to ask them.

They exhibit great love towards all others in preference to themselves: they also give objects of great value for trifles, and content themselves with very little, or nothing, in return. I, however, forbade that these trifles and articles of no value—such as pieces of dishes, plates, and glass, keys, and leather straps—should be given to them, although, if they could obtain them, they imagined themselves to be possessed of the most beautiful trinkets in the world.

It even happened that a sailor received for a leather strap as much gold as was worth three golden nobles; and for things of more trifling value offered by our men, especially newly coined blancas, or any gold coins, the Indians would give whatever the seller required; as, for instance, an ounce and a half or two ounces of gold, or thirty or forty pounds of cotton; with which commodity they were already acquainted.

Thus they bartered, like idiots, cotton and gold for fragments of bows, glasses, bottles, and jars; which I forbade, as being unjust, and myself gave them many beautiful and acceptable articles which I had brought with me, taking nothing from them in return. I did this in order that I might the more easily conciliate them, that they might be led to become Christians, and

be inclined to entertain a regard for the king and queen, our princes, and all Spaniards; and that I might induce them to take an interest in seeking out, and collecting, and delivering to us, such things as they possessed in abundance, but which we greatly needed.

They practice no kind of idolatry, but have a firm belief that all strength and power, and indeed all good things, are in heaven, and that I had descended thence with these ships and sailors; and under this impression was I received after they had thrown aside their fears. Nor are they slow or stupid, but of very clear understanding; and those men who have crossed to the neighboring islands give an admirable description of everything they had observed; but they never before saw any people clothed, nor any ships like ours.

On my arrival at that sea, I had taken some Indians by force from the first island that I came to, in order that they might learn our language, and communicate to us what they knew respecting the country; which plan succeeded excellently, and was a great advantage to us; for in a short time, either by gestures and signs, or by words, we were enabled to understand each other. These men are still traveling with me, and, although they have been with us now a long time, they continue to entertain the idea that I have descended from heaven; and on our arrival at any new place they publish this, crying out immediately with a loud voice to the other Indians, "Come! come and look upon beings of a celestial race"; upon which both

women and men, children and adults, young men and old, when they got rid of the fear they at first entertained, would come out in throngs, crowding the roads to see us, some bringing food, others drink, always exhibiting astonishing affection and kindness.

Each of these islands has a great number of canoes, built of solid wood, narrow, and not unlike our double-banked boats in length and shape, but swifter in their motion: they steer them only by the oar. These canoes are of various sizes; but the greater number are constructed with eighteen banks of oars: and with these they cross to the other islands, which are of countless number, to carry on traffic with the people. I saw some of these canoes that held as many as seventy-eight rowers. In all these islands there is no difference of physiognomy, of manners, or of language; but they all clearly understand each other. . . . There are in the western part of the island two provinces which I did not visit: one of these is called by the Indians, Anam, and its inhabitants are said to be born with tails.

Finally, to compress into few words the entire summary of my voyage and speedy return, and of the advantages derivable therefrom, I promise, that, with a little assistance afforded me by our most invincible sovereigns, I will procure them as much gold as they need, as great a quantity of spices, of cotton, and of mastic, which is only found at Chios, and as many men for the service of the navy, as their majesties may require. I promise, also, rhubarb, and other sorts of

drugs, which I am persuaded the men whom I have left in the aforesaid fortress have found already, and will continue to find. I myself have tarried nowhere longer than I was compelled to do by the winds, except in the city of Navidad, while I provided for the building of the fortress, and took the necessary precautions for the perfect security of the men I left there. Although all I have related may be wonderful and unheard of, yet the results of my voyage would have been more astonishing, if I had had at my disposal such ships as I required.

Thus it has happened to me in the present instance, to have accomplished a task to which the powers of mortal man have never hitherto attained; for, if there have been those who have anywhere written or spoken of these islands, they have done so with doubts and conjectures; and no one has ever asserted that he has seen them, on which account their writings have been looked upon as little else than fables.

Therefore let the king and queen, our princes and their most happy kingdom, and all the other provinces of Christendom, render thanks to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who has granted us so great a victory, and such prosperity. Let processions be made, and sacred feasts be held, and the temples be adorned with festive boughs. Let Christ rejoice on earth, as he rejoices in heaven, in the prospect of the salvation of the souls of so many nations hitherto lost. Let us also rejoice, as well on account of the exaltation of our faith, as on account of the increase of our temporal

prosperity, of which not only Spain, but all Christendom, will be partakers.

Such are the events which I have briefly described.

Farewell,

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Guanahani: gwä-nä-ä-nē′.—**Santa Maria de la Concepcion**: sän′ tä mä-rē′ ä deh lä kōn-thĕp-thē-ōn′.—**Fernandina**: fĕr-nän-dē′ nä.—**Juana** (Hōō-än′ nä): name given by Columbus to Cuba.—**nobles**: gold coins.—**blancas**: silver coins.—**celes′tial**: heavenly.—**physiognomy** (fĭz-ĭ-ŏg′ nō̇-mў): the face or countenance.—**mastic**: a valuable resin or gum.—**Chios** (kī′ ŏs): an island in the Ægean Sea.—**tem′poral**: earthly.

THE WESTWARD VOYAGE

"Ere we Gomera cleared, a coward cried,
Turn, turn: here be three caravels ahead,
From Portugal, to take us: we are dead!
Hold Westward, pilot, calmly I replied.
So when the last land down the horizon died,
Go back, go back! they prayed: *our hearts are lead.*
Friends, we are bound into the West, I said.
Then passed the wreck of a mast upon our side.
See (so they wept) *God's Warning! Admiral, turn!*
Steersman, I said, *hold straight into the West.*
Then down the night we saw the meteor burn.
So do the very heavens in fire protest:
Good Admiral, put about! O Spain, dear Spain!
Hold straight into the West, I said again.

"Next drive we o'er the slimy-weeded sea.
Lo! here beneath (another coward cries)

The cursèd land of sunk Atlantis lies:
This slime will suck us down—turn while thou'rt free!
But no! I said, *Freedom bears West for me!*
Yet when the long-time stagnant winds arise,
And day by day the keel to westward flies,
My Good my people's Ill doth come to be:
Ever the winds into the West do blow;
Never a ship, once turned, might homeward go;
Meanwhile we speed into the lonesome main.
For Christ's sake, parley, Admiral! Turn, before
We sail outside all bounds of help from pain!
Our help is in the West, I said once more.

* * * * * *

"I marvel how mine eye, ranging the Night,
From its big circling ever absently
Returns, thou large low Star, to fix on thee.
Maria! Star? No star: a Light, a Light!
Wouldst leap ashore, Heart? Yonder burns—a Light.
Pedro Gutierrez, wake! come up to me.
I prithee stand and gaze about the sea:
What seest? *Admiral, like as land—a Light!*
Well! Sanchez of Segovia, come and try:
What seest? *Admiral, naught but sea and sky!*
Well! But *I* saw It. Wait! the Pinta's gun!
Why, look, 'tis dawn, the land is clear: 'tis done!
Two dawns do break at once from Time's full hand—
God's East—mine, West: good friends, behold my Land!"

—Sidney Lanier.

Gomera: gō-mā′rä.—**Atlan'tis**: a mythical island in the Atlantic Ocean.—**Gutierrez**: gōō-tē-ār′ĕth.—**Segovia**: sā-gō′vē-ä.

THE ELEPHANTS THAT STRUCK

I remember an occasion, many years ago, when in Ceylon, I, in connection with my brother, had organized a scheme for the development of a mountain sanitarium at Newara Eliya. We had a couple of tame elephants employed in various works; but it was necessary to obtain the assistance of the government stables for the transportation of very heavy machinery, which could not be conveyed in the ordinary native carts. There were accordingly a large number of elephant wagons, some of which required four elephants.

It was the wet season up on the mountains. Our settlement was 6,200 feet above the sea, and the zigzag pass from Ramboddé, at the base of the steep ascent, was fifteen miles in length. The crest of the pass was 7,000 feet in altitude, from which we descended 800 feet to the Newara Eliya plain.

The elephant wagons having arrived at Ramboddé from Colombo, about 100 miles distant, commenced the heavy uphill journey. The rain was unceasing, the roads were soft, and the heavily laden wagons sunk deeply in the ruts; but the elephants were mighty beasts, and, laying their weight against the work, they slowly dragged the vehicles up the yielding and narrow way.

The abrupt zigzags bothered the long wagons and their still longer teams. The bridges over dangerous chasms entailed the necessity of unloading the heavier carts, and caused great delay. Day after day passed away; but although the ascent was slow, the wagons

still moved upwards and the region of everlasting mist (at that season) was reached. Dense forests clothed the mountain sides; the roar of waterfalls resounded in the depths of black ravines; tangled bamboo grass crept upwards from the wet soil into the lower branches of the moss-covered trees, and formed a green curtain impenetrable to sight.

The thermometer fell daily as the altitude increased. The elephants began to sicken; two fine animals died. There was plenty of food, as the bamboo grass was the natural provender, and in the carts was a good supply of paddy; but the elephants' intelligence was acting against them—they had reasoned, and had become despondent.

For nine or ten days they had been exposed to ceaseless wet and cold, dragging their unmanageable wagons up a road that even in dry weather was insufficient to sustain the weight. The wheels sank deep and became hopelessly imbedded. Again and again the wagons had to be emptied of their contents, and extra elephants were taken from the other carts and harnessed to the empty wagons, which were by sheer weight of animals dragged from the deep mire.

Thus the time had passed, and the elephants had evidently reasoned upon the situation, and had concluded that there was no summit to the mountain, and no end to the steep and horrible ascent; it would be, therefore, useless to persevere in unavailing efforts. They determined, under these heart-breaking circumstances, to strike work—and they did strike.

One morning a couple of the elephant drivers ap-

peared at my house in Newara Eliya, and described the situation. They declared that it was absolutely impossible to induce the elephants to work; they had given it up as a bad job!

I immediately mounted my horse and rode up the pass, and then descended the road upon the other side, timing the distance by my watch. Rather under two miles from the summit I found the road completely blocked with elephant carts and wagons; the animals were grazing upon bamboo grass in the thick forest; the rain was drizzling, and a thick mist increased the misery of the scene. I ordered four elephants to be harnessed to a cart intended for only one animal. This was quickly effected, and the drivers were soon astride the animals' necks, and prodded them with the persuasive iron hooks. Not an elephant would exert itself to draw. In vain the drivers, with relentless cruelty, drove the iron points deep into the poor brutes' necks and heads, and used every threat of their vocabulary; the only response was a kind of "marking time" on the part of the elephants. They simply moved their legs mechanically up and down, and swung their trunks to and fro; but none would pull or exert the slightest power, neither did they move forward a single inch!

I never saw such an instance of passive and determined obstinacy; the case was hopeless.

An idea struck me. I ordered the drivers to detach the four elephants from the harness, and to ride them thus unfettered up the pass, following behind my horse. It appeared to me that if the elephants were heart-broken, and in despair at the apparently inter-

minable mountain pass, it would be advisable to let them know the actual truth, by showing them that they were hardly two miles from the summit, where they would exchange their uphill labor for a descent into Newara Eliya; they should then have an extra feed, with plenty of jaggery (a coarse brown sugar). If they passed an agreeable night, with the best of food and warm quarters, they would possibly return on the following day to their work, and with lighter hearts would put their shoulders to the wheel instead of yielding to a dogged attitude of despair.

The success of this ruse was perfect. The elephants accompanied me to Newara Eliya, and were well fed and cared for. On the following day we returned to the heavy work, and I myself witnessed their start with the hitherto unyielding wagon. Not only did they exert their full powers, and drag the lumbering load straight up the fatiguing hill without the slightest hesitation, but their example, or some unaccountable communication between them, appeared to give general encouragement. I employed the most willing elephants as extras to each wagon, which they drew to the summit of the pass, and then returned to assist the others, thus completing what had been pronounced by the drivers as utterly impossible. There can be no doubt that the elephants had at once perceived the situation, and, in consequence, recovered their lost courage.

—Sir Samuel White Baker.

sanita'rium: a resort for invalids.—**impen'etrable**: incapable of being pierced.—**prov'ender**: food.—**paddy**: unhusked rice.—**ruse**: trick.

IN VENICE

Venice lies, as we all know, in a shallow part of the Adriatic, and is built upon three large islands and one hundred and fourteen smaller islands. Instead of streets it has one hundred and fifty canals.

The Grand Canal, nearly two miles long, and as broad as a small river, winds through the city. At one end of it is the railway station, and at the other the hotel to which we are going. When we are all ready—four of us, with our baggage, in each gondola—the two gondoliers, one standing at the stern and the other at the bow, push upon their long oars and send us skimming over the water. We shall not make the whole tour of the Grand Canal, but soon leaving it, we glide into one of the side canals, and thread our way swiftly along, between tall houses rising right out of the water, under bridges, around corners, past churches and open squares filled with busy people—grazing, but never touching, other gondolas going in the opposite direction, until we shoot out into the lower part of the Grand Canal, near its junction with the lagoon, or bay, in which Venice lies.

Tall palaces with their fronts beautifully ornamented, now stand upon our left, and on the opposite bank is a great domed church with beautiful carvings and sculptures, which seems to rise, balloon-like, out of the water. In the open lagoon is a large island with a tall church-spire. Far away are other islands, purple in the distance; vessels sail about with brightly colored sails, often red and orange; gondolas shoot here, there,

and everywhere; and a little farther down, large ships and steamers lie at anchor. Our gondolas skim around with a sweep, and stop at the steps of the hotel, which come down into the water.

There are few things about Venice that will be more directly interesting to us than the gondolas, which constitute a peculiar and delightful feature of the city. If ordinary rowboats were substituted for gondolas, Venice would lose one of its greatest charms. These boats, which are truly Venetian, and are used nowhere else but here, are very long, narrow, and light. The passengers, of whom there are seldom more than four, sit on softly cushioned seats in the middle of the boat, and the portion occupied by them is generally covered in cold or rainy weather by a little cabin, something like a carriage-top, with windows at the sides and a door in front. In hot weather, when the sun shines, this cabin-top is taken off, and its place supplied by a light awning. Very often, however, neither is needed, and at such times the gondola is most enjoyable.

At the bow of every gondola rises a high steel affair, brightly polished, which looks like an old-fashioned halberd or sword ax; these are placed here principally because it has always been the fashion to have them, and they are also useful in going under bridges: if the ferro, as this handsome steel prow is called, can go under a bridge without touching, the rest of the gondola will do so also.

There is but one color for a gondola, and that is black; this, especially when the black cabin is on, gives it a very somber appearance. Many people, indeed,

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liken them to floating hearses, with their black cords, tassels, and cushions. But when their white or bright-colored awnings are up, or when they have neither canopy nor awning, their appearance is quite cheerful. There is nothing funereal, however, about the gondoliers, of whom there is generally one to each gondola.

It is only when the boat is heavily loaded, or when great speed or style is desired, that there are two of them. The gondolier stands in the stern, as we have so often seen him in pictures, and rests his oar on a crotched projection at the side of the boat; he leans forward, throwing his weight upon his oar, and thus sends his light craft skimming over the water. As he sways forward and back, sometimes apparently on one foot only, it seems as if he were in danger of tumbling off the narrow end of the boat; but he never does. Trust him for that. The dexterity with which he steers his craft, always with his oar on one side, is astonishing. He shoots around corners, giving, as he does so, a very peculiar shout to tell other gondoliers that he is coming; in narrow places he glides by the other boats, or close up to the houses, without ever touching anything; and when he has a straight course, he pushes on and on, and never seems to be tired.

Gondoliers in the service of private families, and some of those whose boats are for hire, dress in very pretty costumes of white or light-colored sailor clothes, with a broad collar and a red or blue sash; these, with a straw hat and long floating ribbons, give the gondolier a very gay appearance.

The reason that the gondolas are always black is

this: in the early days of Venice the rich people were very extravagant, and each one of them tried to look finer than any one else. Among their other rivalries, they decked out their gondolas in a very gorgeous fashion. In order to check this absurd display, there was a law passed in the fifteenth century decreeing that every gondola, no matter whether it belonged to a rich man or a poor one, should be entirely black; and since that time every gondola has been black.

I have said a great deal in regard to gondolas, because they are very important to us, and we shall spend much of our time in them. One of the best things about them is that they are very cheap: the fare for two persons is twenty cents for the first hour, and ten cents for each succeeding hour. If we give the gondolier a little extra change at the end of the long row, he will be very grateful.

One of our first excursions will be a trip along the whole length of the Grand Canal. As we start from the lower end, we soon pass on our right the small but beautiful palace of Cantarini-Fasan, which is said to have been the palace in which Shakespeare chose to lay the scene of Othello's courtship of Desdemona. The palaces which we now see rising up on each side were almost all built in the Middle Ages, and many of them look old and a little shabby, but among them are some very beautiful and peculiar specimens of architecture, their fronts being covered with artistic and graceful ornamentation; many of the windows, or, rather, clusters of windows, are very picturesque; and the effect of these long rows of grand old palaces, with

their pillars, their carvings, and the varied colors of their fronts, is much more pleasing to us than if they were all fresh and new.

These palaces are directly at the water's edge, and at a couple of yards' distance from their doorways is a row of gayly painted posts, driven into the bottom of the canal. They are intended to protect the gondolas lying at the broad stone steps from being run into by passing craft. The posts in front of each house are of different color and design, and add very much to the gayety of the scene.

Before long we come to quite a large bridge, which is one of the three that cross the Grand Canal. We must stop here and land, for this is a bridge of which we all have heard, and we shall wish to walk upon it and see what it looks like. It is the Rialto, where "many a time and oft" old Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice" had a disagreeable time of it. It is a queer bridge, high in the middle, with a good many steps at either end. On each side is a row of shops or covered stalls, where fruit, crockery, and small articles are sold. This is a very busy quarter of the city; on one side of the canal is the fish market, and on the other the fruit and vegetable market.

The canal here, and indeed for its whole length, is full of life: large craft move slowly along, the men on board generally pushing them with long poles; now and then a little passenger steamboat, not altogether suited to a city of the Middle Ages, but very quiet and unobtrusive, hurries by, crowded with people; and look where we may, we see a man standing on the thin

end of a long black boat, pushing upon an oar, and shouting to another man engaged in the same pursuit.

Passing under a long modern bridge built of iron, we go on until we reach the railway bridge where we

On the Grand Canal, Venice.

came in, and go out upon the broad lagoon, where we look over toward the mainland and see the long line of the beautiful Tyrolese Alps. We return through a number of the smaller canals, the water of which, unfortunately, is not always very clean; but we shall not mind that, for we see so much that is novel and curious to us.

In some places, there is a street on one side of the canal with shops, but this is not common; generally we pass close to the foundations of the tall houses, and when there is an open space we can almost always see

a church standing back in it. We continually pass under little bridges; at one corner we shall see as many as five, close together. These connect small streets and squares, and there are always people on them. If the day is warm we shall see plenty of Venetian boys swimming in the canals, wearing nothing but a pair of light trousers, and they care so little for our approach that we are afraid our gondolas will run over some of them. The urchins are very quick and active, however, and we might as well try to touch a fish as one of them.

I once saw a Venetian girl about sixteen years old, who was sitting upon the steps of a house, teaching her young brother to swim. The little fellow was very small, and she had tied a cord around his waist, one end of which she held in her hand. She would let the child get into the water and paddle away as well as he could. When he seemed tired, or when he had gone far enough, she pulled him in. She looked very much as if she were fishing, with a small boy for bait.

We come out into the open water at that part of Venice which lies below the end of the Grand Canal; but just before we do so we pass between the tall walls of a great palace on the right, and a dark, gloomy building on the left. High above our heads the second stories of these buildings are connected by a covered bridge, which many of us will easily recognize as the Bridge of Sighs, of which we have read so often and seen so many pictures. The palace is the Palace of the Doges, in which state prisoners used to be tried; and the gloomy building is the prison, into which the condemned came across the Bridge of Sighs, often taking

their last view of the world through the little windows in its sides.

As we pass out into the broad waters of the harbor, we turn to the right and have a fine view of the water-front of the Doges' Palace, which is a very handsome and very peculiar building, ornamented somewhat in the Moorish style. The lower part of the front has a yellowish tinge, shaded off into light pink toward the top. We next pass a wide open space, reaching far back beyond the palace, and at the foot of this are long rows of steps, where great numbers of gondolas are lying crowded together, waiting to be hired. Near by are two columns, one surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice, and the other by a rather curious group representing a saint killing a crocodile. At the other end of this open space we see, rising high above everything else in Venice, the tall and beautiful bell-tower. This is the Piazza San Marco, the great central point of the city.

Crossing a bridge and going through a vaulted passage, we enter the great piazza. This is paved with broad flagstones; and around three sides of it are shops, the best in Venice, where one can buy almost anything a reasonable traveler could desire. There are also a good many cafés, or restaurants, here, and in front of them, out in the piazza, are hundreds of little chairs and tables, at which people sit and drink coffee. This is a very busy and lively place, and on several evenings in the week a military band plays here, while the people promenade up and down, or sit and listen to the music.

In front of us, stretching across the whole width of the piazza, is the Church of St. Mark, which, at a little distance, looks more like a painted picture than an actual building. The Venetians are very fond of color, and have shown this by the way they have decorated their cathedral; the whole front seems a mass of frescoes, mosaics, windows, and ornaments. Some of the mosaics are very large and artistic, and are bright with red, purple, and gold. In front of the cathedral are three very tall flagstaffs, painted a bright red, which have been standing here over three hundred years.

When we enter the cathedral, we shall find that it is different from any church that we have yet seen. It is decorated in the most magnificent and lavish style, somewhat in the gorgeous fashion of the East. The floor is covered with mosaic work, and the ceilings, walls, columns, and altars are richly adorned with gold and bronze and many-colored marbles, and some of this ornamental work is six or seven hundred years old. On every side we find unexpected and picturesque galleries, recesses with altars, stairways, and columns, and out-of-the-way corners lighted through the stained glass of many-colored windows. There are, in all, about five hundred columns in and about this church.

In front, over the principal entrance, we see the four famous bronze horses of St. Mark's; and if the Venetian children, or even grown people, do not know what a horse is like, all they have to do is to look up at these high-mettled coursers, which, although rather stiff of limb, have been great travelers, having seen Rome and Constantinople, and even visited Paris.

As we come out again into the piazza, we shall be greatly tempted to stay here, for it is a lively place. We certainly must stop long enough to allow some of our younger companions to feed the pigeons of St. Mark, which, if they see any of us with the little paper cornucopias filled with corn, which are sold here to visitors, will come to us by the hundreds, settling on our heads and shoulders, and crowding about us like a flock of chickens. For more than six hundred years pigeons have been cared for and fed here by the people of Venice; and as these which we see are the direct descendants of the pigeons of the thirteenth century, they belong to very old families indeed.

To the right of the cathedral is the Doges' Palace, and this we shall now visit. We pass under a beautiful double colonnade into a large interior court, where, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, we may see numbers of Venetian girls and women coming to get water from a celebrated well or cistern here. Each girl has two bright copper pails, in which she carries the water, and we shall find it amusing to watch them for a few minutes. There are two finely sculptured bronze cisterns in the yard, but these are not used now. We then go up a grand staircase, and ascend still higher by a stairway called the Scala d'Oro, once used only by nobles of Venice. We now wander through the great halls and rooms where the doges once held their courts and councils. Enormous pictures decorate the walls. One of them, by Tintoretto, is said to be the largest oil-painting in the world. We shall take a look into the dreadful dungeons of which we read so much in Vene-

tian history, and we shall cross the Bridge of Sighs, although we cannot enter the prison on the other side; the doors there are closed and locked, the building still being used as a prison.

Ever so much more shall we do in Venice. We shall go in gondolas, and see the old dock-yards where the ships of the Crusaders were fitted out; we shall visit the Academy of Fine Arts, where we may study some of the finest works of that most celebrated of all Venetians, the painter Titian; we shall take a steamboat to the Lido, an island out at sea where the citizens go to bathe and to breathe the sea air; we shall go out upon the broad Giudecca, a wide channel between Venice and one of its suburbs; we shall explore churches and palaces; and, above all, we shall float by daylight and by moonlight, if there happens to be a moon, over the canals, under the bridges, and between the tall and picturesque walls and palaces, which make Venice the strange and delightful city that she is.

—Frank R. Stockton.

fune'real: dismal, mournful.—**Cantarini-Fasan**: kän-tä-rē' nē fä-sän'. **lagoon'**: a shallow lake, especially one into which the sea flows.—**Doges** (dōj' ĕz): a doge was a chief magistrate in the days when Venice was a republic.—**Piazza San Marco** (pē-ät' sä sän mär' cō): a piazza is an open square. This one is named for the Cathedral of St. Mark.—**Scala d' Oro** (skä' lä dō' rō): literally, golden staircase.—**Tintoretto** (tēn-tō-rĕt' tō): a celebrated Venetian painter of the sixteenth century.—**Titian** (tĭsh' *a*n): another celebrated Venetian painter of the sixteenth century.—**Lido**: lē' dō.—**Giudecca**: jo͞o-dĕk kä.

DRIFTING

My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My wingèd boat,
A bird afloat,
Swings round the purple peaks remote:—

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one,—
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

—Thomas Buchanan Read (*Abridged*).

THE LANCE OF KANANA

Kanana was an Arab boy who was despised as a coward by his tribe because he had refused to lift a lance against any man save, as he himself said, "for Allah or Arabia." He has proved himself, without lifting a lance, anything but a coward. In the great war that the Greeks are waging against the Arabs, he has acted as spy for Kahled the Invincible, and, as such, has been living in the camp of the Greeks. Just before this story opens, some Arabian prisoners have recognized him, and, not knowing that he was there in the interest of their cause, have betrayed him to Manuel, the Greek leader.

Part I

The army of the Prophet had not yet retreated one foot from its original position, when night brought the third day's battle to a close.

Kahled sank upon the ground among his soldiers, while the women from the rear brought what refreshment they could to the tired warriors. All night he lay awake beside his gray battle-horse, looking at the stars and thinking. Flight or death would surely be the result of the coming day. Even Kahled the Invincible had given up all hope of victory. He was too brave a man to fly, but he was also too brave to force

others to stand and be slaughtered for his pride. It was a bitter night for him, but as the eastern sky was tinged with gray, he at last resolved to make the sacrifice himself, and save such of his people as he could.

The women and children, with the wounded who could be moved, must leave at once, taking all that they could carry with them, and scatter themselves in every direction. When they were well away, he, with such as preferred to stand and die with him, would hold the foe in check while the rest of the army retreated, with orders to march at once to Mecca and Medina, and hold those two sacred cities as long as a man remained alive.

He breathed a deep sigh when the plan was completed, and rising, mounted his tired charger, to see that his design was properly executed. It was the first time in his career that Kahled the Invincible had ordered a retreat, and his only consolation was that he was neither to lead nor join it.

In the camp of Manuel the same dread of the coming day clouded every brow. Food was entirely exhausted. Horses and camels had been devoured. They had neither the means with which to move away, nor the strength to stand their ground. Their solid phalanx was only what the enemy saw along the front. Rank after rank had been supplied from the rear till there was nothing left to call upon. All that remained of the eighty thousand iron-hearted fighters—the pride of the Emperor Heraclius—as they gathered about the low camp fires, confessed that they were overmatched

by the sharper steel of Mohammedan zeal and Bedouin patriotism.

Manuel and his officers knew that for at least three days no relief could reach them; they knew, too, that they could not endure another day of fighting.

"If we could make them think that their men are deserting and joining us, we might frighten them," suggested an officer.

"Send for the spy," said Manuel quickly, "and let it be proclaimed to the other prisoners that all who will join us shall be set free, and that those who refuse shall be slaughtered without mercy."

Haggard and worn Kanana stood before him. For fifty hours he had lain bound, in a cave at the foot of a cliff, without a drop of water or a morsel of food.

"I am about to torture thee," said the Prince. "Thou hast wronged me more than thy sufferings can atone, but I shall make them as bitter as I can. Hast thou anything to say before the work begins?"

Kanana thought for a moment, then, hesitating as though still doubtful, he replied:

"When the tempest rages on the desert, doth not the camel lay him down, and the young camel say to the drifting sand, 'Cover me; kill me, I am helpless?' But among the captives taken by the Prince, I saw an old man pass my cave. I hear that the Prince will have the prisoners slain, but it is not the custom of my people to make the women, the old men, and the children suffer with the rest. May it please the Prince to double every torture he has prepared for me, and in exchange to set that old man free?"

"Who is he?" asked the Prince.

"The one with a long white beard. There are not two," replied Kanana.

"And what is he to you?"

Kanana hesitated.

"He shall die unless you tell me," said the Prince, and Kanana's cold lips trembled as he whispered:

"He is my father."

"'Tis well," said Manuel. "Let him be brought."

The old man entered, but paused at the opposite side of the tent, looking reproachfully at his son. He had heard from the other captives how they had discovered Kanana, a deserter in the hour of danger, living in the tents of the enemy. Even he had believed the tale, and he was enough of a patriot to be glad that they betrayed his son.

"Is this thy father?" asked the Prince. "He does not look it in his eye."

Kanana simply bowed his head. That look pierced his heart far deeper than the threats of torture; but Manuel continued:

"You have offered to suffer every torture I can devise if I will set him free. But you have not compassed your debt to me. You gave to Kahled the information by which he conquered Jababal. You gave him information which prevented his making terms of peace with me. But for you I should be on my way to Mecca and Medina, to sweep them from the earth. But I like courage, and you have shown more of it than Kahled himself. It is a pity to throw a heart like yours under a clod of earth, and I will give you an opportunity to

save both yourself and your father. Stand upon the brow of the cliff yonder as the sun comes up. There, according to the custom of your people, wave this lance above your head. Shout your own name and your father's, so that all of your people can hear, and tell them that in one hour thirty thousand Arabs will draw the sword for the cause of Heraclius. Then throw the lance, and if your aim be good, and you do kill an Arab, that moment I will set thy father free, and thou shalt be made a prince among my people. Do not refuse me, or, after I have tortured thee, with red-hot irons I will burn out thy father's eyes, lest he should still look savagely upon thy corpse!"

He had scarcely ceased speaking when the old sheik exclaimed:

"My son! My Kanana, I have wronged thee! Forgive me if thou canst, but let him burn out my eyes! Oh! not for all the eyes that watch the stars would I have a son of mine a traitor. Thou wouldst not lift a lance before. I charge thee now, by Allah, lift it not for any price that can be offered thee by this dog of an infidel!"

Kanana did not look at his father. His eyes were fixed on Manuel, and when all was still, he asked:

"Will the Prince allow his captive to sit alone till sunrise and consider his offer?"

"Take him out upon the cliff and let him sit alone," said Manuel; "but have the irons heated for his father's eyes."

Kanana chose a spot whence he could overlook the valley, and whatever his first intentions may have

been, he changed them instantly, with his first glance. He started, straining his eyes, and looked as far as his keen sight could pierce the gray light of early morning. Then his head sank lower and lower over his hands, lying in his lap, till the wings of his turban completely covered them. He did not move or look again. In that one glance he had recognized the result of Kahled's last resolve. In the gray distance he saw that laden camels were moving to the south. He saw the dark spots, most distant in the valley, suddenly disappear. They were folding their tents! They were moving away! Kahled the Invincible had ordered a retreat.

Kanana knew that to retreat at that moment meant death to Arabia, but he did not move again till an officer touched him on the shoulder and warned him that in a moment more the sun would rise. With a startled shudder he rose and entered Manuel's tent.

The Prophet: that is, *Mohammed*, the founder of the *Mohammedan* religion which was that of the Arabs.—**Mec'ca, Medĭ'na**: two sacred cities of Arabia. Mohammed was born in the former and died in the latter.—**phalanx** (fā-lăṅks): a body of troops formed in close array.—**Heracli'us**: an Eastern emperor.—**Bedouin** (bĕd-ŏŏ-ēn'): a tribe of Arabs that wander about and live in tents.—**sheik** (shēk): head of an Arabian family, or tribe.—**in'fidel**: word used by the Mohammedans to describe all not of their faith.

THE LANCE OF KANANA

Part II

"Is the word of the Prince unchanged?" asked Kanana. "If I speak the words and throw the lance

and kill an Arab, that moment will he set my father free?"

"I swear it by all the powers of earth and heaven!" replied the Prince.

"Give me the lance," said Kanana.

His father crouching against the tent, muttered: "For such an act, Kanana, when I am set free I will find a fire to heat an iron, and burn out my own eyes."

Kanana did not heed him. He took the lance, tested it, and threw it scornfully upon the ground.

"Give me a heavier one!" he exclaimed. "Do you think me like your Greek boys, made of wax? Give me a lance that, when it strikes, will kill."

They gave him a heavier lance.

"The hand-rest is too small for a Bedouin," he muttered, grasping it; "but wait! I can remedy that myself. Come. Let us have it over with."

As he spoke he tore a strip from beneath his coat, and, turning sharply about, walked before them to the brink of the cliff, winding the strip firmly about the hand-rest of the lance. Upon the very edge he stood erect and waited.

The sun rose out of the plain, and flashed with blinding force upon the Bedouin boy, clad in his sheepskin coat and desert turban. Calmly he stood there. Vainly the sun flashed in his clear, wide-open eyes. He did not even know that it was shining. Not a muscle moved. Why was he waiting?

"Are you afraid?" muttered the Prince, who had come as near as possible without being too plainly seen from below. "Remember your old father's eyes."

Kanana did not turn his head, but calmly
swered:

"Do you see yonder a man upon a gray horse, m
ing slowly among the soldiers? He is coming nea
nearer. That man is Kahled the Invincible. If

should come within range of the lance of Kanana
suppose that Manuel would be well pleased to wait

"Good boy! Brave boy!" replied the Prin
"When thou hast made up thy mind to do a thing, th
doest it admirably. Kill him, and thou shalt be load
down with gold till the day when thou diest in
age."

Kanana made no reply, but standing in bold rel
upon the cliff, watched calmly and waited, till at l
Kahled the Invincible left the line of soldiers, a
alone rode nearer to the cliff.

"Now is your chance! Now! now!" exclaimed the Prince.

Slowly Kanana raised the lance. Three times he waved it above his head. Three times he shouted: "I am Kanana, son of the Terror of the Desert!" in the manner of the Bedouin who challenges an enemy to fight, or who meets a foe upon the plain.

For a second, he hesitated. The next sentence was hard to speak. He knew too well what the result would be. It needed now no straining of the eyes to see his destiny. All the vast army down below was looking up at him. Thousands would hear his words. Tens of thousands would see what followed them.

"Go on! go on!" the Prince ejaculated fiercely.

Kanana drew a deep breath and shouted:

"In one hour thirty thousand Arabs will draw the sword in the army of Heraclius!"

Then gathering all his strength, he hurled the lance directly at the great Mohammedan general, who had not moved since he began to speak.

Throughout those two great armies one might have heard a sparrow chirp, as the gleaming, flashing blade fell like a meteor from the cliff. The aim was accurate. The Bedouin boy cringed, and one might have imagined that it was even more accurate than he meant. It pierced the gray charger. The war-horse of Kahled plunged forward and fell dead upon the plain.

A fierce howl rose from the ranks of the Ishmaelites. Men and women shrieked and yelled. "Kanana the traitor! A curse upon the traitor Kanana!" rent the very air.

Kanana stood motionless upon the cliff. He heard the yells of "Traitor!" but he knew that they would come, and did not heed them. Calmly he watched till Kahled gained his feet, dragged the lance from his dying horse, and with it in his hand, hurried toward the soldiers. Only once he turned, and for an instant looked up at the solitary figure upon the cliff. He lifted his empty hand, as though it were a blessing and not a malediction, he bestowed upon the Bedouin boy; then he disapeared.

With a deep, shivering sigh, Kanana pressed one hand beneath his sheepskin coat. A sharp contortion passed over him, but he turned about and stood calmly, face to face with Manuel.

"You did well," said the Prince, "but you did not kill an Arab. It was for that I made my promise."

"And if you kill an Arab," gasped Kanana, "that moment I will set your father free! Those were the Prince's words! That was his promise, bound by all the powers of earth and heaven! He will keep it! He will not dare defy those powers, for I have killed an Arab!"

Clutching his sheepskin coat, Kanana tore it open, and, above a brilliant girdle, they saw a dagger buried in his bleeding breast. He tottered, reeled, stepped backward, and fell over the brink of the cliff.

"You may as well go free," said Manuel, turning to the sheik. "A monstrous sacrifice has just been made to purchase your liberty."

Turning abruptly he entered his tent to consider, with his officers, the next move.

"I think they are flying," an officer reported, coming from the cliff. "The horsemen and camels are hurrying into the hills. Only foot soldiers seem to be remaining in the front."

"Let every soldier face them who has strength to stand!" commanded the Prince. "Put everything to the front, and if they fly give them every possible encouragement."

The order was obeyed, and the fourth day of the battle began; but it was spiritless and slow. The Bedouins, with their constantly thinning ranks, stood with grim determination where their feet rested, but they made no effort to advance. The wearied and starving Grecian phalanx simply held its ground. The Prince was not there to urge his soldiers on. The voice of Kahled did not sound among the Mussulmans.

An hour went by. Suddenly there was an uproar in the rear of the army of Heraclius. There was a wild shout, a clash of arms, and the Arabian watchword rang above the tumult, in every direction. Ten thousand horse and twenty thousand war-camels poured in upon that defenseless rear, and, even as Kanana had declared, in one hour there were thirty thousand Arabs wielding their swords in the army of Heraclius.

Another hour went by. The battle cry of Kahled ceased. The shout of victory rang from the throats of the Mussulmans. Manuel and all his officers were slain. The magnificent army of Heraclius was literally wiped out.

Treasure without limit glutted the conquered camp. Arabia was saved. Quickly the soldiers erected a gor-

geous throne and summoned Kahled to sit upon it, while they feasted about him and did him honor as their victorious and invincible leader.

The veteran warrior responded to their call, but he came from his tent with his head bowed down, bearing in his arms a heavy burden. Slowly he mounted the platform, and upon the sumptuous throne he laid his burden down. It was the bruised and lifeless body of Kanana. With trembling hand the grim chief drew back the sheepskin coat, and all men then beheld, bound about the Bedouin boy, the sacred girdle!

"I gave it him," said Kahled solemnly; "and upon the fragments you have returned to me he wrote the information by which we conquered Jababal and Manuel. You saw him throw this lance at me; you called him 'traitor!' but about the hand-rest there was wound this strip. See! In blood—in his blood, these words are written here: 'Do not retreat. The infidels are starving and dying. Strike them in the rear.' It was his only means of reaching me. It was not the act of a traitor. No! It was the Lance of Kanana that rescued Arabia."

—Abd el Ardavan (Harry W. French).

Ish'maelites: descendants of Ishmael. The Arabs regard him as their ancestor, and therefore the word is used for them.—**Mus'sulmans**: another name for Mohammedans.—**sacred girdle**: a girdle of brightly colored camel's skin which had been worn by Kahled the Invincible and had been his insignia. He had given it to Kanana when he sent him forth to spy; and had told all his soldiers that the girdle had been stolen and that any one who should bring back a bit of it should be richly rewarded. Kanana wrote his messages on bits of the girdle and they found their way by various means to the camp of Kahled, where the bits of girdle were always recognized and carried to the leader.

REST

Rest is not quitting
  The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
  Of self to one's sphere;

'Tis the brook's motion,
  Clear without strife;
Fleeting to ocean,
  After its life:

'Tis loving and serving
  The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
  And this is true rest.

—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH POLE

The last march northward ended at ten o'clock on the forenoon of April 6th. I had now made the five marches planned from the point at which Bartlett turned back, and my reckoning showed that we were in the immediate neighborhood of the goal of all our striving. After the usual arrangements for going into camp, at approximate local noon of the Columbia meridian, I made the first observation at our polar camp. I indicated our position at 89° 57′.

We were now at the end of the last long march of the upward journey. Yet with the Pole actually in sight I was too weary to take the last few steps. The accumulated weariness of all those days and nights of forced marches and insufficient sleep, constant peril and anxiety, seemed to roll across me all at once. I was actually too exhausted to realize at the moment that my life's purpose had been achieved. As soon as our igloos had been completed and we had eaten our dinner and double-rationed the dogs, I turned in for a few hours of absolutely necessary sleep, Henson and the Eskimos having unloaded the sledges and got them in readiness for such repairs as were necessary. But, weary though I was, I could not sleep long. It was, therefore, only a few hours later when I woke. The first thing I did after awaking was to write these words in my diary: "The Pole at last. The prize of three centuries. My dream and goal for twenty years. Mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it. It seems all so simple and commonplace."

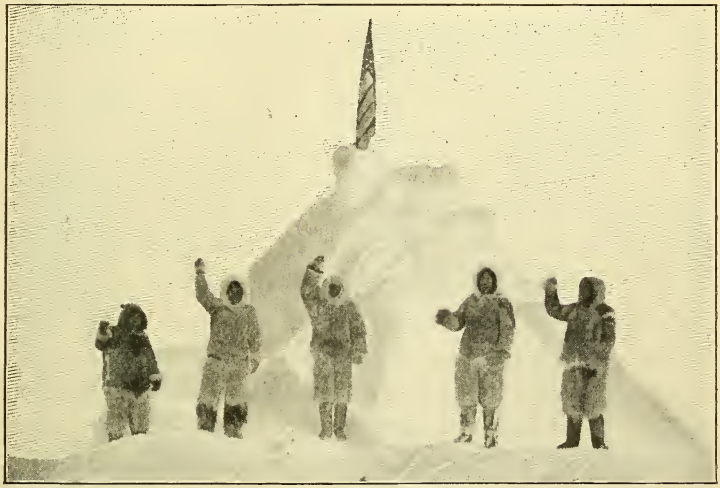
Everything was in readiness for an observation at 6 P.M., Columbia meridian time, in case the sky should be clear, but at that hour it was, unfortunately, still overcast. But as there were indications that it would clear before long, two of the Eskimos and myself made ready a light sledge carrying only the instruments, a tin of pemmican, and one or two skins; and drawn by a double team of dogs, we pushed on an estimated distance of ten miles. While we traveled, the sky cleared, and at the end of the journey, I was able to get a satisfactory series of observations at Columbia meridian

midnight. These observations indicated that our position was then beyond the Pole.

Nearly everything in the circumstances which then surrounded us seemed too strange to be thoroughly realized; but one of the strangest of those circumstances seemed to me to be the fact that, in a march of only a few hours, I had passed from the western to the eastern hemisphere and had verified my position at the summit of the world. It was hard to realize that, in the first miles of this brief march, we had been traveling due north, while, on the last few miles of the same march, we had been traveling south, although we had all the time been traveling precisely in the same direction. It would be difficult to imagine a better illustration of the fact that most things are relative. Again, please consider the uncommon circumstance that, in order to return to our camp, it now became necessary to turn and go north again a few miles and then to go directly south, all the time traveling in the same direction.

As we passed back along that trail which none had ever seen before or would ever see again, certain reflections intruded themselves which, I think, may fairly be called unique. East, west, and north had disappeared for us. Only one direction remained and that was south. Every breeze which could possibly blow upon us, no matter from what point of the horizon, must be a south wind. Where we were, one day and one night constituted a year, a hundred such days and nights constituted a century. Had we stood in that spot during the six months of the arctic winter

night, we should have seen every star of the northern hemisphere circling the sky at the same distance from the horizon, with Polaris (the North Star) practically in the zenith.



At the North Pole.

All during our march back to camp the sun was swinging round in its ever-moving circle. At six o'clock on the morning of April 7th, having again arrived at Camp Jesup, I took another series of observations. These indicated our position as being four or five miles from the Pole, towards Bering Strait. Therefore, with a double team of dogs and a light sledge, I traveled directly towards the sun an estimated distance of eight miles. Again I returned to the camp in time for a final and completely satisfactory series of observations on April 7th at noon,

Columbia meridian time. These observations gave results essentially the same as those made at the same spot twenty-four hours before.

In traversing the ice in these various directions as I had done, I had allowed approximately ten miles for possible errors in my observations, and at some moment during these marches and countermarches, I had passed over or very near the point where the north and south and east and west blend into one.

Of course there were some more or less informal ceremonies connected with our arrival at our difficult destination, but they were not of a very elaborate character. We planted five flags at the top of the world. The first one was a silk American flag which Mrs. Peary gave me fifteen years ago. That flag has done more traveling in high latitudes than any other ever made. I carried it wrapped about my body on every one of my expeditions northward after it came into my possession, and I left a fragment of it at each of my successive "farthest norths": Cape Morris K. Jesup; Cape Thomas Hubbard, the northernmost known point of Jesup Land, west of Grant Land; Cape Columbia, the northernmost point of North American lands; and my farthest north in 1906, latitude 87° 6′ in the ice of the polar sea. By the time it actually reached the Pole, therefore, it was somewhat worn and discolored.

A broad diagonal section of this ensign would now mark the farthest goal of earth—the place where I and my dusky companions stood.

After I had planted the American flag in the ice, I told Henson to time the Eskimos for three rousing

cheers, which they gave with the greatest enthusiasm. Thereupon, I shook hands with each member of the party—surely a sufficiently unceremonious affair to meet with the approval of the most democratic. The Eskimos were childishly delighted with our success. While, of course, they did not realize its importance fully, or its world-wide significance, they did understand that it meant the final achievement of a task upon which they had seen me engaged for many years.

Then in a space between the ice blocks of a pressure ridge, I deposited a glass bottle containing a diagonal strip of my flag and records of which the following are copies:

90 N. Lat., North Pole, April 6, 1909.

Arrived here to-day, 27 marches from C. Columbia.

I have with me 5 men, Matthew Henson, colored, Ootah, Egingwah, Seegloo, and Ookeah, Eskimos; 5 sledges and 38 dogs. My ship, the *S. S. Roosevelt,* is in winter quarters at C. Sheridan, 90 miles east of Columbia.

The expedition under my command which has succeeded in reaching the Pole is under the auspices of the Peary Arctic Club of New York City, and has been fitted out and sent north by the members and friends of the club for the purpose of securing this geographical prize, if possible, for the honor and prestige of the United States of America.

The officers of the club are Thomas H. Hubbard, of New York, President; Zenas Crane, of Mass., Vice President; Herbert L. Bridgman, of New York, Secretary and Treasurer.

I start back for Cape Columbia to-morrow.

Robert E. Peary,
United States Navy.

90 N. Lat., North Pole, April 6, 1909.

I have to-day hoisted the national ensign of the United States of America at this place, which my observations indicate to be the North Polar axis of the earth, and have formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of the President of the United States of America.

I leave this record and United States flag in possession.

Robert E. Peary,
United States Navy.

If it were possible for a man to arrive at 90° north latitude without being utterly exhausted, body and brain, he would doubtless enjoy a series of unique sensations and reflections. But the attainment of the Pole was the culmination of days and weeks of forced marches, physical discomfort, insufficient sleep, and racking anxiety. It is a wise provision of nature that the human consciousness can grasp only such degree of intense feeling as the brain can endure, and the grim guardians of earth's remotest spot will accept no man as guest until he has been tried and tested by the severest ordeal.

Perhaps it ought not to have been so, but when I knew for a certainty that we had reached the goal, there was not a thing in the world I wanted but sleep. But after I had a few hours of it, there succeeded a condition of mental exaltation which made further rest impossible. For more than a score of years that point on the earth's surface had been the object of my every effort. To its attainment my whole being, physical, mental, and moral, had been dedicated. Many times, my own life and the lives of those with me had been

risked. My own material and forces and those of my friends had been devoted to this object.

This journey was my eighth into the arctic wilderness. In that wilderness I had spent nearly twelve years out of the twenty-three between my thirtieth and my fifty-third year, and the intervening time spent in civilized communities during that period had been mainly occupied with preparations for returning to the wilderness. The determination to reach the Pole had become so much a part of my being that, strange as it may seem, I long ago ceased to think of myself save as an instrument for the attainment of that end. To the layman this may seem strange, but an inventor can understand it, or an artist, or anyone who has devoted himself for years to the service of an idea.

But, though my mind was busy at intervals during those thirty hours spent at the Pole with the exhilarating thought that my dream had come true, there was one recollection of other times that, now and then, intruded itself with startling distinctness. It was the recollection of a day three years before, April 21, 1906, when, after making a fight with ice, open water, and storms, the expedition which I commanded had been forced to turn back from 87° 6′ north latitude because our supply of food would carry us no further. And the contrast between the terrible depression of that day and the exaltation of the present moment was not the least pleasant feature of our brief stay at the Pole.

During the dark moments of that return journey in 1906, I had told myself that I was only one in a long

list of arctic explorers, dating back through the centuries, all the way from Henry Hudson to the Duke of the Abruzzi, and including Franklin, Kane, and Melville—a long list of valiant men who had striven and failed. I told myself that I had only succeeded, at the price of the best years of my life, in the addition of a few links to the chain that led from the parallels of civilization toward the polar center, but that, after all, at the end the only word I had to write was "failure."

But now, while quartering the ice in various directions from our camp, I tried to realize that, after twenty-three years of struggles and discouragement, I had at last succeeded in placing the flag of my country at the goal of the world's desire. It is not easy to write about such a thing, but I knew that we were going back to civilization with the last of the great adventure stories—a story the world had been waiting to hear for nearly two hundred years, a story which was to be told at last under the folds of the Stars and Stripes, the flag that during a lonely and isolated life had come to be for me the symbol of home and everything I loved—and might never see again.

—Robert E. Peary (*Abridged*).

ig'loos: snow houses.—**double-rationed**: that is, given double portions of food.—**pem'mican**: meat without the fat, cut into thin slices, dried in the sun, then pounded and mixed with melted fats and sometimes fruits, and compressed into cakes or bags. It contains much nourishment in a small space, and is much used by exploring parties.—**unique** (u-nēk'): single in kind or excellence.—**ze'nith**: the point in the heavens that is directly overhead.—**prestige** (prĕs' tĭj): weight or influence derived from past success.—**culmina'tion**: attainment at the highest point.—**layman**: a man not belonging to a particular profession, in distinction from those who do.

DAVID AND JONATHAN

And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle.

And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely: and Saul set him over the men of war, and he was accepted in the sight of all the people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants. And it came to pass as they came, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of musick. And the women answered one another as they played, and said, Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands. And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom? And Saul eyed David from that day and forward.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house: and David played with his

hand, as at other times: and there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice.

. . . . . .

And David fled from Naioth in Ramah, and came and said before Jonathan, What have I done? what is mine iniquity? and what is my sin before thy father, that he seeketh my life? And he said unto him, God forbid; thou shalt not die: behold, my father will do nothing either great or small, but that he will shew it me: and why should my father hide this thing from me? it is not so. And David sware moreover, and said, Thy father certainly knoweth that I have found grace in thine eyes; and he saith, Let not Jonathan know this, lest he be grieved: but truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death. Then said Jonathan unto David, Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee. And David said unto Jonathan, Behold, to morrow is the new moon, and I should not fail to sit with the king at meat: but let me go, that I may hide myself in the field unto the third day at even. If thy father at all miss me, then say, David earnestly asked leave of me that he might run to Beth-lehem his city: for there is a yearly sacrifice there for all the family. If he say thus, It is well; thy servant shall have peace: but if he be very wroth, then be sure that evil is determined by him. Therefore thou shalt deal kindly with thy servant; for thou hast brought thy servant into a

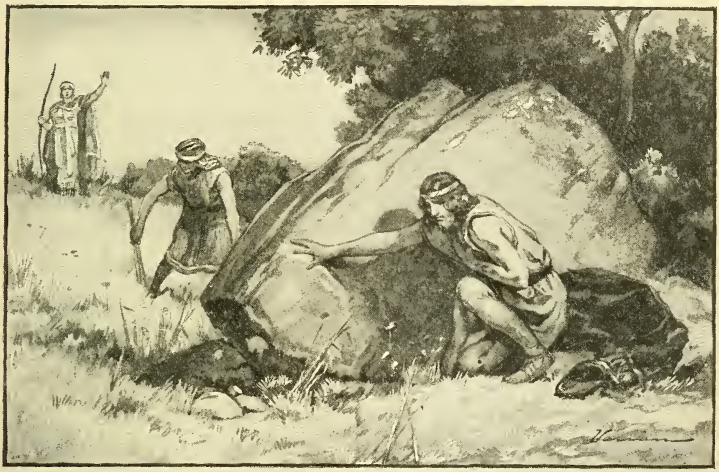
covenant of the Lord with thee: notwithstanding, if there be in me iniquity, slay me thyself; for why shouldest thou bring me to thy father? And Jonathan said, Far be it from thee: for if I certainly knew that evil were determined by my father to come upon thee, then would not I tell it thee? Then said David to Jonathan, Who shall tell me? or what if thy father answer thee roughly?

And Jonathan said unto David, Come, and let us go out into the field. And they went out both of them into the field. And Jonathan said unto David, O Lord God of Israel, when I have sounded my father about to morrow any time, or the third day, and, behold, if there be good toward David, and I then send not unto thee, and shew it thee; the Lord do so and much more to Jonathan: but if it please my father to do thee evil, then I will shew it thee, and send thee away, that thou mayest go in peace: and the Lord be with thee, as he hath been with my father. And thou shalt not only while yet I live shew me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not: but also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house for ever: no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David every one from the face of the earth. So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying, Let the Lord even require it at the hand of David's enemies. And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him: for he loved him as he loved his own soul. Then Jonathan said to David, To morrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, then thou

shalt go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thyself when the business was in hand, and shalt remain by the stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I shot at a mark. And, behold, I will send a lad, saying, Go, find out the arrows. If I expressly say unto the lad, Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them; then come thou: for there is peace to thee, and no hurt; as the Lord liveth. But if I say thus unto the young man, Behold, the arrows are beyond thee, go thy way: for the Lord hath sent thee away. And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me for ever.

So David hid himself in the field: and when the new moon was come, the king sat him down to eat meat. And the king sat upon his seat, as at other times, even upon a seat by the wall: and Jonathan arose, and Abner sat by Saul's side, and David's place was empty. Nevertheless Saul spake not anything that day: for he thought, Something hath befallen him, he is not clean: surely he is not clean. And it came to pass on the morrow, which was the second day of the month, that David's place was empty: and Saul said unto Jonathan his son, Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday, nor to day? And Jonathan answered Saul, David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Beth-lehem: And he said, Let me go, I pray thee; for our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother, he hath commanded me to be there: and now, if I have found favour in thine eyes, let me get

away, I pray thee, and see my brethren. Therefore he cometh not unto the king's table. Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him, Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman, do



not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion, and unto the confusion of thy mother's nakedness? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore now send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die. And Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said unto him, Wherefore shall he be slain? what hath he done? And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him: whereby Jonathan knew that it was determined of his father to slay David. So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the second day of the month: for he was

grieved for David, because his father had done him shame.

And it came to pass in the morning, that Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David, and a little lad with him. And he said unto his lad, Run, find out now the arrows which I shoot. And as the lad ran, he shot an arrow beyond him. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad, and said, Is not the arrow beyond thee? And Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not. And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his master. But the lad knew not any thing: only Jonathan and David knew the matter. And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad, and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city.

And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times: and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded. And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever. And he arose and departed: and Jonathan went into the city.

—Old Testament.

cov'enant: agreement.—**tab'rets**: small drums.—**Naioth**: nā' yŏth.—**Kamah**: rā' mà.—**Ezel**: ē' zĕl.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved—and forever grew
still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal!
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

—George Gordon, Lord Byron.

THE CHASE

After the frightful massacre at Fort William Henry in 1757, during the French and Indian War, the Huron chief, an ally of the French, kidnaped the daughters of Colonel Munro, the Commander of the English fort. With the assistance of his major, Duncan Heyward, who is in love with his younger daughter; and a white scout, called Hawk-eye; and two Indian guides, Chingachgook and his son Uncas, the last of the Mohicans, the father sets out to find his children. After a night spent in the ruins of the fort, they embark on the neighboring Lake George in a canoe. In passing one of its smaller islands, they encounter some of their enemies, the Hurons.

The well known crack of a rifle, whose ball came skipping along the placid surface of the strait, and a shrill yell from the island announced that their passage was discovered. In another instant several savages were seen rushing into the canoes, which were soon dancing over the water, in pursuit. These fearful precursors of a coming struggle produced no change in the countenances and movements of his three guides, so far as Duncan could discover, except that the strokes of their paddles were longer and more in unison, and caused the little bark to spring forward like a creature possessing life and volition.

"Hold them there, Sagamore," said Hawk-eye, looking coolly backward over his left shoulder, while he still plied his paddle; "keep them just there. Them Hurons have never a piece in their nation that will execute at this distance, but 'Kill-deer' has a barrel on which a man may calculate."

The scout having ascertained that the Mohicans were sufficient of themselves to maintain the requisite distance, deliberately laid aside his paddle, and raised

the fatal rifle. Three several times he brought the piece to his shoulder, and when his companions were expecting its report, he as often lowered it to request that the Indians would permit their enemies to approach a little nigher. At length his accurate eye seemed satisfied, and throwing out his left arm on the barrel, he was slowly elevating the muzzle, when an exclamation from Uncas, who sat in the bow, once more caused him to suspend the shot.

"What now, lad?" demanded Hawk-eye; "you saved a Huron from the death-shriek by that word; have you reason for what you do?"

Uncas pointed towards the rocky shore a little in their front, whence another war canoe was darting directly across their course. It was too obvious now that their situation was imminently perilous, to need the aid of language to confirm it. The scout laid aside his rifle, and resumed the paddle, while Chingachgook inclined the bows of the canoe a little towards the western shore, in order to increase the distance between them and this new enemy. In the meantime they were reminded of the presence of those who pressed upon their rear, by wild and exulting shouts. The stirring scene awakened even Munro from his apathy.

"Let us make for the rocks on the main," he said, with the air of a tried soldier, "and give battle to the savages."

"He who wishes to prosper in Indian warfare," returned the scout, "must not be too proud to learn from the wit of a native. Lay her more along the land,

Sagamore; we are doubling on the varlets, and perhaps they may try to strike our trail on the long calculation."

Hawk-eye was not mistaken; for when the Hurons found their course was likely to throw them behind their chase, they rendered it less direct, until, by gradually bearing more and more obliquely, the two canoes were, ere long, gliding on parallel lines, within two hundred yards of each other. It now became entirely a trial of speed. So rapid was the progress of the light vessels, that the lake curled in their front, in miniature waves, and their motion became undulating by its own velocity. It was, perhaps, owing to this circumstance, in addition to the necessity of keeping every hand employed at the paddles, that the Hurons had not immediate recourse to their fire-arms. The exertions of the fugitives were too severe to continue long, and the pursuers had the advantage of numbers. Duncan observed, with uneasiness, that the scout began to look anxiously about him, as if searching for some further means of assisting their flight.

"Edge her a little more from the sun, Sagamore," said the stubborn woodsman; "I see the knaves are sparing a man to the rifle. A single broken bone might lose us our scalps. Edge more from the sun and we will put the island between us."

The expedient was not without its use. A long, low island lay at a little distance before them, and as they closed with it, the chasing canoe was compelled to take a side opposite to that on which the pursued passed. The scout and his companions did not neglect

this advantage, but the instant they were hid from observation by the bushes, they redoubled efforts that before seemed prodigious. The two canoes came round the last low point, like two coursers at the top of their speed, the fugitives taking the lead. This change had brought them nigher to each other, however, while it altered their relative positions.

"You showed knowledge in the shaping of birchen bark, Uncas, when you chose this from among the Huron canoes," said the scout, smiling, apparently more in satisfaction at their superiority in the race, than from that prospect of final escape which now began to open a little upon them. "The imps have put all their strength again at the paddles, and we are to struggle for our scalps with bits of flattened wood, instead of clouded barrels and true eyes. A long stroke, and together friends."

"They are preparing for a shot," said Heyward; "and as we are in a line with them, it can scarcely fail."

"Get you then into the bottom of the canoe," returned the scout; "you and the colonel; it will be so much taken from the size of the mark."

Heyward smiled, as he answered—

"It would be but an ill example for the highest in rank to dodge, while the warriors were under fire!"

"Lord! Lord! that is now a white man's courage!" exclaimed the scout; "and like too many of his notions, not to be maintained by reason. Do you think the Sagamore, or Uncas, or even I, who am a man without a cross, would deliberate about finding a cover in

the scrimmage, when an open body would do no good? For what have the Frenchers reared up their Quebec, if fighting is always to be done in the clearings?"

"All that you say is very true, my friend," replied Heyward; "still, our customs must prevent us from doing as you wish."

A volley from the Hurons interrupted the discourse, and as the bullets whistled about them, Duncan saw the head of Uncas turned, looking back at himself and Munro. Notwithstanding the nearness of the enemy, and his own great personal danger, the countenance of the young warrior expressed no other emotion, as the former was compelled to think, than amazement at finding men willing to encounter so useless an exposure. Chingachgook was probably better acquainted with the notions of white men, for he did not even cast a glance aside from the riveted look his eyes maintained on the object by which he governed their course. A ball soon struck the light and polished paddle from the hands of the chief, and drove it through the air, far in the advance. A shout arose from the Hurons, who seized the opportunity to fire another volley. Uncas described an arc in the water with his own blade, and as the canoe passed swiftly on, Chingachgook recovered his paddle, and flourishing it on high, he gave the warwhoop of the Mohicans, and then lent his strength and skill again to the important task.

Clamorous sounds burst at once from the canoes behind, and seemed to give new zeal to the pursuers. The scout seized "Kill-deer" in his left hand, and elevating it above his head, he shook it in triumph at his

enemies. The savages answered the insult with a yell, and immediately another volley succeeded. The bullets pattered along the lake, and one even pierced the

bark of their little vessel. No perceptible emotion could be discovered in the Mohicans during this critical moment, their rigid features expressing neither hope nor alarm; but the scout again turned his head, and laughing in his own silent manner, he said to Heyward:

"The knaves love to hear the sounds of their pieces; but the eye is not to be found among the Mingoes that can calculate a true range in a dancing canoe! You see the dumb devils have taken off a man to charge, and by the smallest measurement that can be allowed, we move three feet to their two!"

Duncan, who was not altogether as easy under this nice estimate of distances as his companions, was glad to find, however, that owing to their superior dexterity, and the diversion among their enemies, they were very sensibly obtaining the advantage. The Hurons soon fired again, and a bullet struck the blade of Hawk-eye's paddle without injury.

"That will do," said the scout, examining the slight indentation with a curious eye; "it would not have cut the skin of an infant, much less of men, who, like us, have been blown upon by the Heavens in their anger. Now, Major, if you will try to use this piece of flattened wood, I'll let 'Kill-deer' take a part in the conversation."

Heyward seized the paddle, and applied himself to the work with an eagerness that supplied the place of skill, while Hawk-eye was engaged in inspecting his rifle. The latter then took a swift aim, and fired. The Huron in the bows of the leading canoe had risen with a similar object, and he now fell backward, suffering his gun to escape from his hands into the water. In an instant, however, he recovered his feet, though his gestures were wild and bewildered. At the same moment his companions suspended their efforts, and the chasing canoes clustered together, and became stationary.

Chingachgook and Uncas profited by the interval to regain their wind, though Duncan continued to work with the most persevering industry. The father and son now cast calm but inquiring glances at each other, to learn if either had sustained any injury by

the fire; for both well knew that no cry or exclamation would, in such a moment of necessity, have been permitted to betray the accident. A few large drops of blood were trickling down the shoulder of the Sagamore, who, when he perceived that the eyes of Uncas dwelt too long on the sight, raised some water in the hollow of his hand, and washing off the stain, was content to manifest, in this simple manner, the slightness of the injury.

"Softly, softly, Major," said the scout, who by this time had reloaded his rifle; "we are a little too far already for a rifle to put forth its beauties, and you see yonder imps are holding a council. Let them come up within striking distance—my eye may well be trusted in such a matter—and I will trail the varlets the length of the lake, guaranteeing that not a shot of theirs shall, at the worst, more than break the skin, while 'Killdeer' shall touch the life twice in three times."

"We forget our errand," returned the diligent Duncan. "For Heaven's sake let us profit by this advantage, and increase our distance from the enemy."

"Give me my children," said Munro, hoarsely; "trifle no longer with a father's agony, but restore me my babes."

Long and habitual deference to the commands of his superior had taught the scout the virtue of obedience. Throwing a last and lingering glance at the distant canoes, he laid aside his rifle, and relieving the wearied Duncan, resumed the paddle, which he wielded with sinews that never tired. His efforts were seconded by those of the Mohicans, and a very few min-

utes served to place such a sheet of water between them and their enemies, that Heyward once more breathed freely.

The lake now began to expand, and their route lay along a wide reach, that was lined, as before, by high and ragged mountains. But the islands were few, and easily avoided. The strokes of the paddles grew more measured and regular, while they who plied them continued their labor, after the close and deadly chase from which they had just relieved themselves, with as much coolness as though their speed had been tried in sport rather than under such pressing, nay, almost desperate circumstances.

Instead of following the western shore, whither their errand led them, the wary Mohican inclined his course more towards those hills behind which Montcalm was known to have led his army into the formidable fortress of Ticonderoga. As the Hurons, to every appearance, had abandoned the pursuit, there was no apparent reason for this excess of caution. It was, however, maintained for hours, until they had reached a bay, nigh the northern termination of the lake. Here the canoe was driven upon the beach, and the whole party landed.

—James Fenimore Cooper.

precursors (prē kûr′ sẽrz): forerunners. — **voli′tion**: the power of willing.—**Sag′amore**: the title of the head of an Indian tribe.—**im′minently**: threateningly.—**Chingachgook**: chĭn-găk′ go͝ok.—**un′dulating**: rising and falling like waves.—**Mohicans**: mō-hē′ kanz.

THE PITCH LAKE IN THE WEST INDIES

The Pitch Lake, like most other things, owes its appearance on the surface to no convulsion or vagary at all, but to a most slow, orderly, and respectable process of nature, by which buried vegetable matter, which would have become peat, and finally brown coal, in a temperate climate, becomes, under the hot tropic soil, asphalt and oil, continually oozing up beneath the pressure of the strata above it. . . .

As we neared the shore, we perceived that the beach was black with pitch; and the breeze being off the land, the asphalt smell (not unpleasant) came off to welcome us. We rowed in, and saw in front of a little row of wooden houses a tall negro, in blue policeman's dress, gesticulating and shouting to us. He was the ward policeman, and I found him (as I did all the colored police) able and courteous, shrewd and trusty. He was warning our crew not to run aground on one or other of the pitch reefs, which here take the place of rocks. A large one, a hundred yards off on the left, has been almost all dug away, and carried to New York or to Paris to make asphalt pavement.

Under his directions, the boat was run ashore on a spit of sand between the pitch; and when she ceased bumping up and down in the muddy surf, we scrambled out into a world exactly the hue of its inhabitants of every shade, from jet black to copper-brown. The pebbles on the shore were pitch. A tide-pool close by was enclosed in pitch. While the policeman, after profoundest courtesies, was gone to get a mule-cart to take

us up to the lake, and planks to bridge its water channels, we took a look round at this oddest of corners of the earth.

In front of us was the police-station, wooden, on wooden stilts (as all well-built houses are here), to insure a draught of air beneath them. We were, of course, asked to come in and sit down, but preferred looking about, under our umbrellas; for the heat was intense. The soil is half pitch, half brown earth, among which the pitch sweals in and out as tallow sweals from a candle. It is always in slow motion under the heat of the tropic sun; and no wonder if some of the cottages have sunk right and left in such a treacherous foundation. A stone or brick house could not stand here; but wood and palm-thatch are both light and tough enough to be safe, let the ground give way as it will.

The soil, however, is very rich. The pitch certainly does not injure vegetation, though plants will not actually grow in it. The first plants which caught our eyes were pineapples. The heat of the soil, as well as the air, brings them to special perfection. They grow about everywhere, unprotected by hedge or fence.

The mule-cart arrived; the lady of the party was put into it on a chair, and slowly bumped and rattled up the pitch road, with a pitch gutter on each side.

On our left, as we went on, the bush was low, all of yellow cassia and white hibiscus, and tangled with creepers, with white, purple, or yellow flowers. On the right were negro huts and gardens, fewer and fewer as we went on—all rich with fruit trees, especially

with oranges; and beneath them, of course, the pine-apples.

As we went onward up the gentle slope, the ground became more and more full of pitch, and the vegetation poorer and more rushy.

The plateau of pitch now widened out, and the whole ground looked like an asphalt pavement, half over-grown with marsh-loving weeds, whose roots feed in the sloppy water which overlies the pitch. But, as yet, there was no sign of the lake. The incline, though gentle, shuts off the view of what is beyond. This last lip of the lake has surely overflowed, and is overflowing still, though very slowly. Its furrows all curve downward; and it is, in fact, as one of our party said, "a black glacier."

At last we surmounted the last rise, and before us lay the famous lake. The black pool glared and glittered in the sun. A group of islands, some twenty yards wide, were scattered about the middle of it. Beyond it rose a double forest of fan-palms; and to the right of them high wood with undergrowth—a paradise on the other side of the black pool.

We walked, with some misgivings, on to the asphalt, and found it perfectly hard. After a few steps we were stopped by a channel of clear water, with tiny fish and water-beetles in it; and, looking round, saw that the whole lake was intersected with channels.

We pushed on across the lake, over the planks which the negroes laid down from island to island. Some, meanwhile, preferred a steeple-chase with water-jumps.

So, whether by bridging, leaping, or wading, we

arrived at the little islands, and found them covered with a thick, low scrub; deep sedge; gray wild-pines; a true holly, with box-like leaves; and a rare cocoa-plum, which seems to be all but confined to these little patches of red earth, afloat on the pitch. Passing these little islands, which are said (I know not how truly) to change their places and number, we came to that part of the lake where the asphalt is still oozing up.

As the wind set toward us, we soon became aware of an evil smell which gave some of us a headache. The pitch here is yellow and white with sulphur foam; so are the water-channels; and out of both water and pitch innumerable bubbles of gas arise, loathsome to smell. We became aware that the pitch was soft under our feet. We left the impression of our boots; and if we had stood still awhile, we should soon have been ankle-deep. No doubt there are spots where, if a man stayed long enough, he would be slowly and horribly engulfed. The fresh pitch oozes out in the channels between the older and more hardened masses, so that one may stand on pitch comparatively hard, and put one's hand into pitch quite liquid, which is flowing softly out, into the water.

We did at last what the negroes asked us, and dipped our hands into the liquid pitch, to find that it did not soil the fingers. The old proverb that one cannot touch pitch without being defiled happily does not stand true here, or the place would be intolerably loathsome. It can be scraped up, moulded into any shape you will, wound in a string (as was done by one of the midshipmen) round a stick, and carried off; but noth-

ing is left on the hand save clean gray mud and water. It may be kneaded for an hour before the mud be sufficiently driven out of it to make it sticky. This very abundance of earthy matter it is which, while it keeps the pitch from soiling, makes it far less valuable than it would be were it pure.

It is easy to understand whence this earthy matter (twenty or thirty per cent) comes. Throughout the neighborhood the ground is full, to the depth of hundreds of feet, of coaly and asphaltic matter. Layers of sandstone or of shale containing this decayed vegetable alternate with layers which contain none; and if, as seems probable, the coaly matter is continually changing into asphalt and oil, and thus working its way upward through every crack and pore, to escape from the enormous pressure of the soil, it must needs carry up with it innumerable particles of the soils through which it passes.

In five minutes we had seen, handled, and smelt enough to satisfy us; and, as we did not wish to become faint and ill, we hurried on over the water-furrows, and through the sedge-beds to the farther shore —to find ourselves, in a single step, out of an Inferno into a Paradise.

—Charles Kingsley.

vaga'ry: freak.—**asphalt** (ăs'fălt): mineral pitch; also, a composition containing pitch and gravel, of which pavements are made.—**strā'ta**: layers.—**sweal**: melt and run down.—**cassia** (kăsh'ä), **hībis'cus**: plants that grow in tropical regions.—**steeple-chase**: a race obstructed by obstacles such as hedges, walls, etc.—**sedge**: plants that grow in tufts in marshy places.—**shale**: rock of a thin and brittle structure,—**Infer'no**: hell.

SWEET PEAS

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight:
With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,
And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger a while upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings:
They will be found softer than ringdove's cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend!
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging sallows: blades of grass
Slowly across the chequer'd shadows pass.

—John Keats.

SOME DOGS

Through a sad, autumn rain I have been staring out of my window into the garden where, side by side, some of them are buried; Friday, Thursday, Tatito, Spy, Rowdy, and—it is but a few lonely weeks that he has been there—Boozy. Mud, an Irish staghound, is at rest on a hillside in Dakota, and Jigger, whom I rarely see now, as he, unfortunately for me, does not belong to me, is fat, gray, capricious, but still alive, still adorable and adored.

How they emerge and come back to me as I stand and look at the frost-bitten hollyhocks on the graves! What individuality each one had; how absolutely dif-

ferent they were; how inseparable they are from any retrospect of my youth—from, indeed, my whole life. With but few intermissions I cannot remember the time when some one of them did not play an intimate, an important, a memorable part in the little drama of my existence. Scarcely any phase of it fails to comprehend one of them. I feel myself thinking of them exactly as I think of the members of my family whom I have cared for, who did what it was intended that they should do and then quietly left. To describe them, to dwell on their traits of character, their mannerisms, their little faults and eccentricities, the setness of their ways as they gradually grew older and then old, would seem to me to be an indelicacy if I did not realize that to most persons a dog is just a dog.

Jigger had, and still has, the most touching faith in the efficacy of prayer. When he needs or wants anything, he assumes the attitude and waits for results. If he is thirsty, one comes upon him appealing to a washstand or to a faucet in the bathroom; if he wants a certain kind of salted cracker he is found tired, but patient, believing, and erect on his hind legs in front of the cupboard in which he knows the crackers are kept. Once, in the country, he longed for a porcupine that seemed to him an altogether congenial sort of companion, and begged at the foot of a tree until the porcupine responded by coming down and shooting twenty-four quills into Jigger's lovely little plush muzzle. It took about a quart of ether, a surgeon, and I forget how many dollars, to extract the quills.

Jigger also keeps strange hours. Most dogs, I have found, adapt their hours to the persons with whom they live. They go to bed and arise when the family does, but Jigger, although a dachshund, is in some respects Chinese. Frequently at two or three in the morning it occurs to him that it would be agreeable to have some fun with a golf ball. The fun consists in somebody hiding the ball in a sufficiently discoverable locality and then letting Jigger find it. Perhaps I ought to be in an institution for the feeble-minded, but when Jigger, at 3 or 4 A.M., has deposited a moist golf ball on my neck and has then tugged at my sleeve until I woke up, I have always got out of bed, made a light, and, half dazed with sleep, gone through all the motions of his idea of a thoroughly good time. People who don't like Jigger—and I have begun to suspect that they consist of the people whom Jigger cannot, for some reason, endure—say he is selfish. No doubt he is. Most of us are, only some of us have learned how to conceal the fact. Jigger never conceals anything except his golf ball. That he sneaks off with, hides from mortal view, and leaves hidden sometimes for a day or two at a time.

Friday and Thursday were part of my life so long ago that I find I can now speak of them with calmness. How shy and reticent and actually morbid Friday was! He had none of the enthusiasms, none of the ebullience, of other dogs. He lived with us, he knew he was one of us, he never temporarily left us for a day, as almost all dogs do from time to time. In his queer, rather uncomfortable way he worshiped us;

I know he did, but he never actually made a demonstration of the fact as other dogs do. I can't remember a single occasion on which he kissed my hand or asked to get into my lap or my bed. Even in his youth he was reserved and dignified and old. He had in life just one great pleasure, one dissipation, and that was to hear my father argue a case in court. He almost always went to the court room when my father had a case on hand, and many a judge has angrily ordered him to be removed; but no clerk or sheriff ever succeeded in removing him. Probably it has been forgotten, but at one time in the legal history of Minnesota there was no more prominent figure at the bar than a queer, shy, reticent, morbid, but determined little yellow dog named Friday!

What a completely different personality was Spyboy! An English greyhound with famous ancestors, he was physically a thing of perfect beauty—all fine, steel springs covered with pale brown velvet. When he stood between you and a bright light, the lower part of his stomach was translucent, and you could always see the throbbing of his heart. Although both by birth and by temperament an aristocrat, his breeding had not impaired his intellect. He literally had a fine mind. I think of him as a kind of canine Macaulay, except that he had about him a touch of mysticism; he heard sounds and smelt odors and saw things that no one else could. For hours at a time I have sat reading in the same room with him, an absolutely silent, scentless, uninhabited room as far as my primitive senses could discover, while he, poised on the delicate

arch of his chest, with one front foot across the other (he always assumed that position in his moments of meditation), incessantly twitched his sensitive nostrils, moved his ears, and followed about the room, with his eyes, the invisible things he saw. I could see nothing except what I knew was there; he, however, could. Sometimes he would get up, slowly watch them until they disappeared, and then resume his position. One day, after he had sat this way for an hour or more, he arose, rested his head for a moment on my sister's lap, and then fell dead.

How Rowdy admired him! Rowdy, too, was a greyhound, and had a humble, self-sacrificing attachment to Spy. Spy was kind to him; at times it seemed to me that Rowdy's society even mildly amused him, but his kindness was unmistakably that of royalty for some lowly and devoted dependent. Rowdy once chewed the front cover of the book that, in those days, I cared for more than any other: "Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative," by Jane Porter. My youthful fury was extreme when I found the mutilated volume on the piazza, but even at that immature epoch my emotions were hopelessly mixed. I longed to whip Rowdy, because it seemed to me that my favorite book was ruined, but when he came up to me with every appearance of having forgotten the incident, I could only pat his head, as usual. His vandalism brought tears to my eyes, and, after twenty-three years, when I now and then look at the chewed, blue cover of "Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative," and examine the little tooth marks, tears still come, but they aren't the same kind.

And now they are all asleep under the frost-bitten hollyhocks, which I have turned to look at more than once since I sat down to write. Boozy's life, his dignified old age, and his death are, somehow, too recent to speak of. I should like to, but I can't.

—Charles Macomb Flandrau.

ret'rospect: looking backward.—**phase**: a particular state of being.—**eccentricities** (ĕk-sĕn-trĭs'ĭ-tiĕs): oddities.—**ef'ficacy**: power to produce effects.—**dachshund**: (däks'hụnt): a small dog with short crooked legs and a long body.—**ret'icent**: inclined to keep silent.—**morbid**: sickly.—**ebul'lience**: a boiling over.—**translu'cent**: partially transparent.—**canine** (kā-nīn'): having the qualities of a dog.—**van'dalism**: wilful destruction.

"HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX."

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red from his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

—Robert Browning.

girths: straps that fasten the saddle to the horse.—**half-chime**: chime for the half hour.—**buffcoat**: leather coat.—**holster**: leather case for a pistol.

THE STORY OF UNT THE CAMEL

The clink of a loose chain; the complaining wail of a swinging iron door; the squeak of a key turning an unwilling lock—a heavy-bolted lock; a flutter of wings; the crunch of giant feet on the echoing gravel; huge forms slipping through the moonlight, like prehistoric monsters; a slim, ribbon-like body gliding noiselessly over the grass cushion of the Park's lawn; muffled laughter, bird calls and a remonstrative grunt from Wild Boar; the merry chatter of Magh the Orang; a guarded "Phrut-t-t, Phrut-t-t" from Hathi, the huge Elephant—ah, yes, all these; surely it was the gathering of old friends, who, like the listeners of the Arabian Nights' tales, had for many evenings talked of their Jungle life in front of Black Panther's cage.

"You are all welcome," growled Pardus.

Magh hopped on the end of Hathi's trunk, and the latter lifted her gracefully to a seat on his broad forehead. She had Blitz, the Fox Terrier, with her. "You will hear some lies to-night, Pup," she confided to him. "But who is to talk?" she asked suddenly; "Chee-he! our good Keeper, who's to talk?"

"Camel is to tell us of his life," answered the Keeper.

"That stupid creature, who is too lazy to brace up and look spry, talk to us? Next we know we'll have a talk from Turtle."

"That's it," sneered Boar, "if one is honest and a plodder like Unt, bandy-legged creatures like Magh will call him stupid."

Unt, with a bubbling grunt, knelt down, doubled his hind legs under him like a jack-knife, made himself comfortable, and commenced his personal history.

"Bul-lul-luh!" he muttered. "I was born in Baluchistan, on the nice white sand plains of the Sibi *Put* (desert). As Mooswa the Moose has said, there must be some great Animal who arranges things for us. Think of it, Comrades, I had the good fortune to be born in just the loveliest spot any animal could imagine. As far as I could see on every side was the hot, dry sand of the beautiful Sibi desert."

"I know," interrupted Ostrich; "my home in Arabia was like that. I've listened to Arna here, and Bagh, telling of the thick Jungles where one could scarce see three lengths of his own body, and I must say that I think it very bad taste."

"Yes, it was lovely there," bubbled Unt. "No wonder that Bagh, when he was chased by the hunters, fled to the sand and hid in the thorns. Such sweet eating they are, firm under one's teeth. The green food is dreadful stuff. Once crossing the Sibi *Put*, when I was three days without food, I remember coming to a place where the foolish ones of the Menkind had planted

trees, and bushes, and grass, and kept them green with water. I ate of these three green things, and nearly died from a swelling in my stomach.

"Well, as I have said, I was born in that nice sand place, and for three or four years did nothing but follow mother Unt about. Then they put a button in my nose, and tied me with a cord to the tail of another Unt, and put merchandise on my back for me to carry. There was a long line of us, and in front walked Dera Khan, the Master. We seemed to be always working, always carrying something; our only rest was when we were being loaded or unloaded. We were made to lie down when the packs were put on our backs, and many a time I have got up suddenly when the boxes were nearly all on, rose up first from behind, you know, and sent the things flying over my head. I would get a longer rest that way, but also I got much abuse, though I didn't mind it, to be sure; for, as Mooswa has said, our way of life is all arranged for us, and the abuse that was thrust upon me was a part of my way.

"But one year there came to Sibi many Men of the war-kind, and with them were the black ones from Bengal. It was a fat one of this kind, one of little knowledge of the ways of an Unt, a 'Baboo,' Dera Khan called him, who caused me much misery. It was my lot to take him and his goods to the Bolan Pass, so Dera said, for the One-in-Charge, a Sahib, had so ordered it. When I sought to rise, as usual, when the load was but half in place, he got angry and beat me with a big-leafed stick he carried to keep the heat from

his head. But in the end I brought to his knowledge the method of an Unt who has been beaten without cause.

"When all his pots and pans, and boxes of books, wherein was writing, had been bound to my saddle, the Baboo clambered on top. I must say that I could understand little of his speech, for my Master, Dera Khan, was a Man of not many words, but the Baboo was as full of talk as even Magh is; and of very much the same intent, too—of little value."

"Big lip! Crooked neck! Frightener of the Young!" screamed Magh, hurling the epithets at Camel with vindictive fury.

"Unt's tale is truly a most interesting one; there is much wit in his long head," commented Pardus. Camel rolled the cud in his mouth three or four times, dropped his heavy eyelids reflectively, bubbled a sigh of meek resignation and proceeded:

"When I rose from behind, the Baboo nearly fell over my neck; when I came sharply to my forefeet (for I was always a very spry, active Unt), he declared to Dera Khan that I had broken his back. But I knew this couldn't be true, for I was always a most unlucky Unt. Of course, this time I was not tied to the tail of a mate, but my leading line was with the Baboo. He shouted 'Go on' to me, and in addition called me the Son of an Evil Pig.

"Have any of you ever seen one of my kind run away?" Camel asked, swinging his big head inquiringly about the circle.

"I have," answered Black Panther. "Once, being

hungry, I crept close to an Unt to ask him if he could tell me where I might find a gazelle or other Jungle Dweller for my dinner. I saw *that* Camel run. For a small part of the journey I was on his back; but though I can cling to anything pretty well, yet the twists of his long legs were too much for me, and I landed on my head in the sand, nearly breaking my back."

"Well," resumed Camel, "you will understand how the Baboo and his pots and pans fared when I ran away with him, which I did as soon as Dera Khan moved a little to one side. At first I couldn't get well into my stride, for the Baboo pulled at the nose rope, and called to Dera in great fear. Dera also ran beside me, holding to the ropes that were on the boxes; many things fell, coming away like cocoanuts from a tree. An iron pot going down with much speed struck my Master on his head, and he said the same fierce words that he always used when I caused him trouble of any kind.

"You know, though I ran fast, yet by tipping my head a little to one side I could see what was going on behind, and I saw a basket in which were many round, white things——"

"Eggs," suggested Cockatoo. "Those are the round white things they bring from the bazaar in a basket."

"Yes, they were in a basket," repeated Camel, solemnly; "so, as you say, Cocky, I suppose they were eggs; but, however, they came down all at once on the face and shoulders of my loved Master."

"And broke, Cah-cah-cah!" laughed Kauwa the

Crow; "I know. More than once I've seen relatives of mine have their eggs broken through being thrown out of the nest by Cuckoo Bird."

"As I have said," continued Camel, "my Master was a Man of few words, but at this he let go of the rope, and the language he used still rings in my ears. Dry chewing! how I fled. And behind chased Dera Khan, a big knife in his hand—in spite of his violence I had to laugh at the color the eggs had left on his long beard—a knife in his hand, and crying aloud that he would cut the Baboo's throat.

"As I swung first one side of my legs, and then the other over the sweet sand desert, I could feel the Baboo thumping up and down on my back, for he was clinging to the saddle with both hands. Sometimes he

abused me, and sometimes he begged me to stop; that I was a good Unt—his Father and Mother, and his greatest friend. As he would not be shaken off because of his fear of Dera Khan's knife, I carried him into a *jhil* of much water; there he was forced to let go, and when he got to the bank, if it had not been for a Sahib he would most surely have been killed by my Master. Hathi had told us of the fear-look he has seen in the faces of the Menkind, and there was much of this in the eyes of that Baboo. I remained in the *jhil* until my Master had lost the fierce kill-look, then I came out, and save for some of the old abuse there was nothing done to me.

"But we all went to the Bolan Pass, carrying food for those that labored there making a path for the Fire Caravan, the bearer of burdens that is neither Bullock, nor Unt, nor aught that I know of."

"It was a railroad," the Keeper explained.

"Perhaps," grunted Unt, licking his hanging upper lip; "perhaps, but we Unts spoke of it as the Fire Caravan. Still it was an evil thing, a destroyer of lives, many lives, for never in that whole land of sand-hills and desert was there so much heat and so much death."

—W. A. Fraser.

prehistor'ic: belonging to the period before written history began.—**Pardus**: the name of the panther.—**Baluchistan**: (Bä-lo͞o-chĭs-tän'): a territory of Asia, north of the Arabian Sea. It is largely a desert.—**Arna**: the name of the wild India buffalo.—**Bagh**: the name of the tiger.—**Ben'gal**: one of the main divisions of British India.—**Bä'boo**: name given to a native Hindoo who writes English.—**Sä'hĭb**: master: a name used by Indians in addressing or speaking of Europeans.—**jhil** (jēl): a stagnant pool.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

Never was musician like Orpheus, who sang songs, inspired by the Muses, to a lyre that was given to him by Apollo. So mighty indeed was the magic of his music, that Nature herself owned his sway. Not only did rocks and rills repeat his lays, but the very trees uprooted themselves to follow in his train, and the savage beasts of the forest were tamed and fawned upon him as he played and sang.

But of all who hearkened enchanted to those matchless strains, none drew deeper delight therefrom than the singer's newly wed wife, the young and lovely Eurydice. Hour by hour she sat at his feet hearkening to the music of his voice and lyre, and the gods themselves might have envied the happy pair.

And surely some god did look with envious eye upon those two. For one evil day, Eurydice, strolling with her maidens through a flowery meadow, was bitten on her foot by a viper and perished in all her beauty ere the sun went down.

Then Orpheus, terrible in his anguish, swore that death itself should not forever rob him of his love. His song, which could tame wild beasts and drag the ancient trees from their roots should quell the powers of hell and snatch back Eurydice from their grasp. Thus he swore, calling on the gods to help him; and taking his lyre in his hand he set forth on that fearful pilgrimage from which never man—unless, like Hercules, he was a hero, half man and half god—had returned alive.

And now he reaches the downward path, the end whereof is lost in gloom. Deeper and deeper he descended till the light of day was quite shut out, and with it all the sounds of the pleasant earth. Downward through the silence as of the grave, downward through darkness deeper than that of any earthly night. Then out of the darkness, faint at first, but louder as he went along, came sounds that chilled his blood—shrieks and groans of more than mortal anguish, and the terrible voices of the Furies, speaking words that cannot be uttered in any human tongue.

When Orpheus heard these things his knees shook and his feet paused as if rooted to the ground. But remembering once more his love and all his grief, he struck his lyre and sang, till his dirge, reverberating like a funeral march, drowned all the sounds of hell. And Charon, the old ferryman, subdued by the melody, ferried him over the river Styx which none save the dead might cross; and when Orpheus reached the other side great companies of pale ghosts flocked around him on that drear shore; for the singer was no shadowy ghost like themselves, but a mortal, beautiful though woebegone, and his song spoke to them as with a thousand voices of the sunlight and the familiar earth, and of those who were left behind in their well-loved homes.

But Orpheus, not finding Eurydice among these, made no tarrying. Onward he passed through the cloud-hung and adamantine portals of Tartarus. Here Pluto, Lord of the Underworld, sits enthroned, and round him sinners do penance for the evil that they wrought upon earth. There Ixion, murderer of his

father-in-law, is racked upon an everturning wheel, and Tantalus, who slew his son, endures eternal hunger in sight of food and eternal fear from the stone ever ready to fall. There the daughters of Danaus cease not to pour water into bottomless urns. There Sisyphus, who broke faith with the gods when they permitted him to return a little while to the upper world, evermore rolls up a steep hill a great stone that, falling back from the summit, crushes the wretch in its downward rush.

But now a great marvel was seen in hell. For as Orpheus entered singing, his melodies, the first that had ever sounded in that dread abode, caused all its terrors for a moment to cease. Tantalus caught no more at the fruits that slipped through his fingers, Ixion's wheel ceased to turn, the daughters of Danaus paused at their urns, and Sisyphus rested on his rock. Nay, the very Furies themselves ceased to scourge their victims, and the snakes that mingled with their locks hung down, forgetting to hiss.

So came Orpheus to the throne of the great Pluto, by whose side sat Proserpine, his queen. And the king of the infernal gods asked: "What wouldst thou, mortal, who darest to enter unbidden this our realm of death?"

Orpheus answered, touching his lyre the while: "Not as a spy or foe have I come where no living man hath ventured before, but I seek my wife, slain untimely by the fangs of a serpent. Such love as mine for a maiden such as she must melt the stoniest heart. Thy heart is not all of stone, and thou too didst once

love an earthly maiden. By these places filled with horrors and by silence of these boundless realms, I entreat thee to restore Eurydice to life."

He paused and all Tartarus waited with him for a reply. The terrible eyes of Pluto were cast down, and to Proserpine came a memory of the far-off days when she too was a maid upon earth sporting in the flowery meads.

Then Orpheus struck again his magic strings and sang: "To thee we all belong; to thee soon or late we all must come. It is but for a little space that I crave my Eurydice. Nay, without her I will not return. Grant therefore, my prayer, O Pluto, or slay me here and now."

Then Pluto raised his head and spoke: "Bring hither Eurydice."

And Eurydice, still pale and limping from her mortal wound, was brought from among the shades of the newly dead.

And Pluto said: "Take back, Orpheus, thy wife Eurydice, and lead her to the upper world again. But go thou before and leave her to follow after. Look not once back till thou hast passed my borders and canst see the sun, for in the moment when thou turnest thy head, thy wife is lost to thee again and forever."

Then with great joy Orpheus turned and led Eurydice from thence. They left behind the tortured dead and the gibbering ghosts; and Charon rowed them once more over the river Styx; and up the dark path they went, the cries of Tartarus sounding ever fainter in their ears; and anon the light of the sun shone faint

and far where the path returned to earth, and as they pressed forward the song of the little birds made answer to the lyre of Orpheus.

But the cup of happiness was dashed from the lips that touched its brim. For even as they stood upon the uttermost verge of the dark place, the light of the sun just dawning upon their faces, and their feet within a pace of earthly soil, Eurydice stumbled and cried out in pain.

Without a thought Orpheus turned to see what ailed her, and in that moment was she caught from him. Far down the path he saw her, a ghost once more, fading from his sight like smoke as her faint form was lost in the gloom; only for a moment could he see white arms stretched toward him in vain; only once could he hear her last heart-broken farewell.

Down the path rushed Orpheus, clamoring for his Eurydice lost a second time; but vain was all his grief, for not again would Charon row him across the Styx. So the singer returned to earth, his heart broken, and all joy gone from his life. Thenceforth his one consolation was to sit upon Mount Rhodope singing his love and his loss. And the Thracian women, worshippers of Bacchus, kindling at his strains, called to him to join in their wild rites. But when he turned from them with loathing, they fell upon him, tearing him limb from limb. And his head they cast into the river Hebrus, whose banks bore to the Ægean sea that long-drawn wail: "Eurydice, Eurydice!"

But the gods, first punishing the Thracian women by turning them into trees, took the lyre of Orpheus

and set it among the stars. And Orpheus himself, once more entering by the gate of death the regions of the dead, seeks and finds his beloved Eurydice. Now may they walk side by side, now Orpheus, if he goes before, may look back in safety upon the face of his loved one.

—V. C. Turnbull.

Orpheus: ôr′fē-ŭs.—**Muses**: goddesses of the various arts and sciences.—**Apoll′o**: god of light and leader of the Muses.—**Eurydice**: ū-rĭd′ĭ-sē.—**Furies**: female divinities, avengers of iniquities.—**Charon**: kā′-rŭn.—**adaman′tine**: made of adamant, a stone of great hardness.—**Tar′tarus**: a deep, dark abyss below Hades where the wicked, according to Greek mythology, received their punishment.—**Ixion**: ĭks-ī′ŏn.—**Tantalus**: tăn′-tă-lŭs.—**Danaus**: dăn′ā-ŭs.—**Sisyphus**: sĭs′ĭ-fŭs.—**Proserpine**: prŏs′ĕr-pĭn.—**Rhodope**: rŏd′ō-pē.—**Thra′cian**: adjective from *Thrace*, a region in south eastern Europe.—**Bacchus** (băk′ŭs): the god of wine.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC

Orpheus, with his lute, made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
  Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
  There had made a lasting Spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
  Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
  Fall asleep, or, hearing, die!

—William Shakespeare.

INDIAN TRADITIONS OF HENRY HUDSON'S ARRIVAL

This account was written in 1801 by Reverend John Heckewelder, who was for many years a missionary among the Indians. The narrative was told him, as he says, about forty years earlier, which was about a century and a half after Hudson's coming.

The following account of the first arrival of Europeans at New York Island is verbatim as it was related to me by aged and respected Delawares, Monseys, and Mahicanni (otherwise called Mohegans, Mahicandus), near forty years ago. It is copied from notes and manuscripts taken on the spot. They say:

A long time ago, when there was no such thing known to the Indians as people with a white skin—their expression—some Indians who had been out a-fishing, where the sea widens, espied at a great distance something remarkably large, swimming or floating on the water, and such as they had never seen before. They, immediately returning to the shore, apprised their countrymen of what they had seen, and pressed them to go out with them, and discover what it might be. These together hurried out, and saw, to their great surprise, the phenomenon, but could not agree what it might be; some concluding it to be an uncommon large fish or other animal, while others were of the opinion that it must be some very large house. It was at length agreed among those who were spectators, that as this phenomenon moved towards the land—whether or not it was an animal, or anything that had life in it—it would be well to inform all the

Indians on the inhabited islands of what they had seen, and put them on their guard.

Accordingly, they sent runners and watermen off to carry the news to their scattered chiefs, that these might send off in every direction for the warriors to come in. These arriving in numbers, and themselves viewing the strange appearance, and that it was actually moving towards them—the entrance of the river or bay—concluded it to be a large canoe or house, in which the Mannitto (great or supreme Being) himself was, and that he probably was coming to visit them.

By this time the chiefs of the different tribes were assembled on York Island, and were deliberating on the way in which they should receive their Mannitto on his arrival. Every step had been taken to be well provided with plenty of meat for a sacrifice. The women were required to prepare the best of food; idols or images were examined, and put in order; and a great dance was supposed not only to be an agreeable entertainment for the Mannitto, but might, with the addition of a sacrifice, contribute towards appeasing him, in case he was angry with them. The conjurers were also set to work to determine what the meaning of this phenomenon was, and what the result would be. Both to these, and to the chiefs and wise men of the nation, men, women, and children were looking up for advice and protection. Between hope and fear, and in confusion, a dance commenced.

While in this situation, fresh runners arrive, declaring it a house of various colors, and crowded with living creatures. It now appears to be certain that it

is the great Mannitto bringing them some kind of game, such as they had not seen before; but other runners, arriving soon after, declare it a large house of various colors, full of people, yet of quite a different color from their own; that they were also dressed in a different manner from them, and that one in particular appeared altogether red, which must be the Mannitto himself.

They are soon hailed from the vessel, though in a language they do not understand; yet they shout—or yell—in their way. Many are for running off to the woods, but are pressed by others to stay in order not to give offense to their visitors, who could find them out, and might destroy them. The house—or large canoe, as some will have it—stops, and a smaller canoe comes ashore with the red man and some others in it: some stay by this canoe to guard it. The chiefs and wise men (or councillors) have composed a large circle, unto which the red-clothed man with two others approach. He salutes them with friendly countenance; and they return the salute, after their manner. They are lost in admiration, both as to the color of the skin of these whites, as also to their manner of dress, yet most as to the habit of him who wore the red clothes, which shone with something for which they could not account. He must be the great Mannitto (supreme Being), they think; but why should he have a white skin?

A large hockhack is brought forward by one of the (supposed) Mannitto's servants, and from this a substance is poured out into a small cup (or glass), and handed to the Mannitto. The Mannitto drinks,

has the glass filled again, and hands it to the chief next to him to drink. The chief receives the glass, but only smelleth at it, and passes it on to the next chief, who does the same. The glass thus passes through the circle without its contents being tasted by

any one, and is on the point of being returned again to the red-clothed man, when one of their number, a spirited man and great warrior, jumps up, harangues the assembly on the impropriety of returning the glass with the contents in it; that the same was handed them by the Mannitto in order that they should drink it, as he himself had done before them; that this would please him, but to return what he had given to them might provoke him, and be the cause of their being destroyed by him; and that since he believed it for the

good of the nation that the contents offered them should be drunk, and as no one was willing to drink it, he would, let the consequences be what they may; and that it was better for one man to die than for a whole nation to be destroyed.

He then took the glass, and bidding the assembly farewell, drank it off. Every eye was fixed on their resolute companion, to see what an effect this would have upon him; and he soon beginning to stagger about, and at last dropping to the ground, they bemoan him. He falls into a sleep, and they view him as expiring. He awakes again, jumps up, and declares that he never before felt himself so happy as after he had drunk the cup; and wishes for more. His wish is granted; and the whole assembly soon join him, and become intoxicated.

After this general intoxication had ceased—during which time the whites had confined themselves to their vessel—the man with the red clothes returned again to them, and distributed presents among them; to wit, beads, axes, hoes, stockings, etc. They saw that they had become familiar to each other, and were made to understand by signs that they would now return home, but would visit them next year again, when they would bring them more presents, and stay with them a while; but that, as they could not live without eating, they should then want a little land of them to sow seeds, in order to raise herbs to put in their broth.

The vessel arrived the season following, and they were much rejoiced at seeing each other; but the whites laughed at them (the Indians), seeing they knew not

the use of the axes, hoes, and other things that they had given them; they having had these hanging to their breasts as ornaments; and the stockings they had made use of as tobacco-pouches. The whites now put handles (or helves) in the former, and cut trees down before their eyes, and dug the ground, and showed them the use of their stockings. Here—say they—a general laugh ensued among them (the Indians) that they had remained ignorant of the use of such valuable implements; and had borne the weight of such heavy metal hanging to their necks for such a length of time.

They took every white man they saw for a Mannitto, yet inferior and attendant to the supreme Mannitto; to wit, to the one which wore the red and laced clothes. Familiarity daily increasing between them and the whites, the latter now proposed to stay with them, asking them only for so much land as the hide of a bullock would cover (or encompass), which hide was brought forward, and spread on the ground before them. They readily granted this request; whereupon the whites took a knife, and, beginning at one place on this hide, cut it into a rope not thicker than the finger of a little child, so that, by the time this hide was cut up, there was a great heap. This rope was drawn out to a great distance, and then brought around again, so that both ends might meet. They carefully avoided its breaking, and upon the whole it encompassed a large piece of ground. They (the Indians) were surprised at the superior wit of the whites, but did not wish to contend with them about a little land, as they had enough.

They and the whites lived for a long time contentedly together, although these asked from time to time more land of them; and, proceeding higher up the Mahicanittuk (Hudson River), they believed they would soon want all their country, which at this time was already the case.

—John Heckewelder.

verba'tim: word for word.

THE LOSS OF THE BRIG

On the voyage from Scotland to America, the ship *Covenant* ran into a smaller vessel and rescued but one of its crew. This was Alan Breck, a Scotch rebel chief, wanted by the English Government for helping the French and for taking money belonging to the English king. When the captain, Hoseason, found out that he carried this money about with him, he plotted to murder and rob his new passenger. With the warning and the help of David Balfour (a boy who had been kidnapped and who was being taken to America to be sold as a slave), Alan got the better of his assailants and killed the greater part of the crew. Just before this story begins he has persuaded the captain, for a reward of 60 guineas, to change his course, and even to take to unknown waters, in order to land him somewhere on the coast of Scotland. The book from which the selection is taken is "Kidnapped," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

It was already late at night, and as dark as it ever would be at that season of the year (and that is to say, it was still pretty bright), when Hoseason, the captain, clapped his head into the round-house door.

"Here," said he, "come out and see if ye can pilot."

"Is this one of your tricks?" asked Alan.

"Do I look like tricks?" cries the captain. "I have other things to think of—my brig's in danger!"

By the concerned look of his face, and, above all, by the sharp tones in which he spoke of his brig, it was plain to both of us he was in deadly earnest; and so Alan and I, with no fear of treachery, stepped on deck.

The sky was clear; it blew hard, and was bitter cold; a great deal of daylight lingered; and the moon, which was nearly full, shone brightly. The brig was close hauled, so as to round the southwest corner of the Island of Mull, the hills of which (and Ben More above them all, with a wisp of mist upon the top of it) lay full upon the larboard bow. Though it was no good point of sailing for the *Covenant*. she tore through the seas at a great rate, pitching and straining, and pursued by the westerly swell.

Altogether it was no such ill night to keep the seas in; and I had begun to wonder what it was that sat so heavily upon the captain, when the brig rising suddenly on the top of a high swell, he pointed and cried to us to look. Away on the lee bow, a thing like a fountain rose out of the moonlit sea, and immediately after we heard a slow sound of roaring.

"What do ye call that?" asked the captain, gloomily.

"The sea breaking on a reef," said Alan. "And now ye ken where it is; and what better would ye have?"

"Ay," said Hoseason, "if it was the only one."

And sure enough, just as he spoke there came a second fountain farther to the south.

"There!" said Hoseason. "Ye see for yourself. If I had kent of these reefs, if I had had a chart, or

if Shuan had been spared, it's not sixty guineas, no, nor six hundred, would have made me risk my brig in sic a stoneyard! But you, sir, that was to pilot us, have ye never a word?"

"I'm thinking," said Alan, "these'll be what they call the Torran Rocks."

"Are there many of them?" says the captain.

"Truly, sir, I am nae pilot," said Alan; "but it sticks in my mind there are ten miles of them."

Mr. Riach and the captain looked at each other.

"There's a way through, I suppose?" said the captain.

"Doubtless," said Alan, "but where? But it somehow runs in my mind once more that it is clearer under the land."

"So?" said Hoseason. "We'll have to haul our wind then, Mr. Riach. We'll have to come as near in about the end of Mull as we can take her, sir; and even then we'll have the land to keep the wind off us, and that stoneyard on our lee. Well, we're in for it now, and may as well crack on."

With that he gave an order to the steersman, and sent Riach to the foretop. There were only five men on deck, counting the officers; these being all that were fit (or, at least, both fit and willing) for their work. So, as I say, it fell to Mr. Riach to go aloft, and he sat there looking out and hailing the deck with news of all he saw.

"The sea to the south is thick," he cried; and then, after a while, "it does seem clearer in by the land."

"Well, sir," said Hoseason to Alan, "we'll try your way of it. But I think I might as well trust to a blind fiddler. Pray God you're right."

"Pray God I am!" said Alan to me. "But where did I hear it? Well, well, it will be as it must."

As we got nearer to the turn of the land the reefs began to be sown here and there on our very path; and Mr. Riach sometimes cried down to us to change the course. Sometimes, indeed, none too soon; for one reef was so close on the brig's weather board that when a sea burst upon it the lighter sprays fell upon her deck and wetted us like rain.

The brightness of the night showed us these perils as clearly as by day, which was, perhaps, the more alarming. It showed me, too, the face of the captain as he stood by the steersman, now on one foot, now on the other, and sometimes blowing in his hands, but still listening and looking and as steady as steel. Neither he nor Mr. Riach had shown well in the fighting; but I saw they were brave in their own trade, and admired them all the more because I found Alan very white.

"Ochone, David," says he, "this is no the kind of death I fancy!"

"What, Alan!" I cried, "you're not afraid?"

"No," said he, wetting his lips, "but you'll allow yourself, it's a cold ending."

By this time, now and then sheering to one side or the other to avoid a reef, but still hugging the wind and the land, we had got round Iona and begun to come alongside Mull. The tide at the tail of the land ran very strong, and threw the brig about. Two hands

were put to the helm, and Hoseason himself would sometimes lend a help; and it was strange to see three strong men throw their weight upon the tiller, and it (like a living thing) struggle against and drive them back. This would have been the greater danger had not the sea been for some while free of obstacles. Mr. Riach, besides, announced from the top that he saw clear water ahead.

"Ye were right," said Hoseason to Alan. "Ye have saved the brig, sir; I'll mind that when we come to clear accounts." And I believe he not only meant what he said, but would have done it; so high a place did the *Covenant* hold in his affections.

But this is matter only for conjecture, things having gone otherwise than he forecast.

"Keep her away a point," sings out Mr. Riach. "Reef to windward!"

And just at the same time the tide caught the brig, and threw the wind out of her sails. She came round into the wind like a top, and the next moment struck the reef with such a dunch as threw us all flat upon the deck, and came near to shake Mr. Riach from his place upon the mast.

I was on my feet in a minute. The reef on which we had struck was close in under the south-west end of Mull, off a little isle they called Earraid, which lay low and black upon the larboard. Sometimes the swell broke clean over us; sometimes it only ground the poor brig upon the reef, so that we could hear her beat herself to pieces; and what with the great noise of the sails, and the singing of the wind, and the flying of the

spray in the moonlight, and the sense of danger, I think my head must have been partly turned, for I could scarcely understand the things I saw.

Presently I observed Mr. Riach and the seamen busy round the skiff, and still in the same blank, ran over to assist them; and as soon as I set my hand to work, my mind became clear again. It was no very easy task, for the skiff lay amidships and was full of hamper, and the breaking of the heavier seas continually forced us to give over and hold on; but we all wrought like horses while we could.

The captain took no part. It seemed he was struck stupid. He stood holding by the shrouds, talking to himself and groaning out aloud whenever the ship hammered on the rock. His brig was like wife and child to him; he had looked on, day by day, at the mishandling of poor Ransome; but when it came to the brig, he seemed to suffer along with her.

All the time of our working at the boat, I remember only one other thing: that I asked Alan, looking across at the shore, what country it was; and he answered, it was the worst possible for him, for it was the land of the Campbells.

We had one of the wounded men told off to keep a watch upon the seas and cry us warning. Well, we had the boat about ready to be launched, when this man sang out pretty shrill: "For God's sake, hold on!" We knew by his tone that it was something more than ordinary; and sure enough, there followed a sea so huge that it lifted the brig right up and canted her over on her beam. Whether the cry came too late, or my hold

was too weak, I know not; but at the sudden tilting of the ship I was cast clean over the bulwarks into the sea.

I went down, and drank my fill, and then came up, and got a blink of the moon, and then down again. They say a man sinks a third time for good. I cannot be made like other folk, then; for I would not like to write how often I went down, or how often I came up again. All the while, I was being hurled along, and beaten upon and choked, and then swallowed whole; and the thing was so distracting to my wits, that I was neither sorry nor afraid.

Presently, I found I was holding to a spar, which helped me somewhat. Then all of a sudden I was in quiet water, and began to come to myself.

It was the spare yard I had got hold of, and I was amazed to see how far I had traveled from the brig. I hailed her, indeed; but it was plain she was already out of cry. She was still holding together; but whether or not they had yet launched the boat, I could not see.

While I was hailing the brig, I spied a tract of water lying between us where no great waves came, but which yet boiled white all over and bristled in the moon with rings and bubbles. Sometimes the whole tract swung to one side, like the tail of a live serpent; sometimes, for a glimpse, it would all disappear and then boil up again. What it was I had no guess, which for the time increased my fear of it; but I now know it must have been the roost or tide race, which had carried me away so fast and tumbled me about so cruelly, and at last as if tired of that play, had flung me out and the spare yard upon its landward margin.

I now lay quite becalmed, and began to feel that a man can die of cold as well as of drowning. The shores of Earraid were close in; I could see in the moonlight the dots of heather and the sparkling of the mica in the rocks.

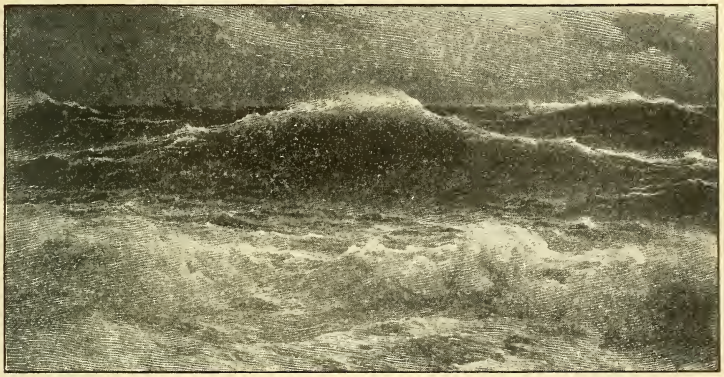
"Well," thought I to myself, "if I cannot get as far as that, it's strange!"

I had no skill of swimming, Essen Water being small in our neighborhood; but when I laid hold upon the yard with both arms, and kicked out with both feet, I soon began to find that I was moving. Hard work it was, and mortally slow; but in about an hour of kicking and splashing, I had got well in between the points of a sandy bay surrounded by low hills.

The sea was here quite quiet; there was no sound of any surf; the moon shone clear; and I thought in my heart I had never seen a place so desert and desolate. But it was dry land; and when at last it grew so shallow that I could leave the yard and wade ashore upon my feet, I cannot tell if I was more tired or more grateful. Both at least, I was: tired as I never was before that night; and grateful to God as I trust I have been often, though never with more cause.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

round-house: a cabin on the deck near the stern of the boat.—**brig**: a two-masted, square-rigged vessel.—**close hauled**: moving as nearly as possible in the direction from which the wind blows.—**larboard**: a name used for the *port*, or left-hand side of a boat.—**ken**: know.—**sic**: such.—**nae**: no.—**hamper**: a nautical term for articles that are in the way.—**shrouds**: ropes that support the mast.—**canted**: tilted over.



TO THE OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,

And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou;—
Unchangeable save to the wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of Eternity, the throne

Of the Invisible; even from out of thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

—George Gordon, Lord Byron.

levi'athans: large sea animals, whales.—**ar'biter**: one who judges or determines without control.—**Arma'da**: the name of a great Spanish fleet that was destroyed by the English.—**Trafalgar** (trăf-ăl-gär'): the greatest British naval victory of the Napoleonic wars.

MY GARDEN ACQUAINTANCE

Dr. Watts' statement that "birds in their little nests agree," like too many others intended to form the infant mind, is very far from being true. On the contrary, the most peaceful relation of the different species to each other is that of armed neutrality. They are very jealous of neighbors. A few years ago, I was much interested in the housebuilding of a pair of summer yellowbirds. They had chosen a very pretty site near the top of a tall white lilac, within easy eye-shot of a chamber window. A very pleasant thing it was to see their little home growing with mutual help, to watch their industrious skill interrupted only by little flirts or snatches of endearment, frugally cut short by the common-sense of the tiny housewife. They had brought their work nearly to an end, had already begun to line it with fern-down, the gathering of which demanded more distant journeys and longer absences.

But, alas! the syringa, immemorial manor of the

catbirds, was not more than twenty feet away, and these "giddy neighbors" had, as it appeared, been all along jealously watchful, though silent, witnesses of what they deemed an intrusion of squatters. No sooner were the pretty mates fairly gone for a new load of lining, than

> "To their unguarded nest these weasel Scots
> Came stealing."

Silently they flew back and forth, each giving a vengeful dab at the nest in passing. They did not fall to and deliberately destroy it, for they might have been caught at their mischief. As it was, whenever the yellowbirds came back, their enemies were hidden in their own sight-proof bush. Several times their unconscious victims repaired damages, but at length, after counsel taken together, they gave it up. Perhaps, like other unlettered folk, they came to the conclusion that the Devil was in it, and yielded to the invisible persecutions of witchcraft.

The robins, by constant attacks and annoyances, have succeeded in driving off the blue jays who used to build in our pines, their gay colors and quaint noisy ways making them welcome and amusing neighbors. I once had the chance of doing a kindness to a household of them, which they received with very friendly condescension. I had had my eye for some time upon a nest, and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew nigh. At last I climbed the tree, in spite of angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion.

The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest, a long piece of packthread had been somewhat loosely woven in. Three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full-grown without being able to launch themselves upon the air. One was unharmed; another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in its struggles to escape, had sawn through the flesh of the thigh and so much harmed itself that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery.

When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds, the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly intent. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats, they perched quietly within reach of my hand, and watched me in my work of manumission. This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but erelong I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute of his wings, came lightly to the ground, and hopped off as well as he could with one leg, obsequiously waited on by his elders. A week later I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the pine-walk, in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot. I have no doubt that in his old age he accounted for his lameness by some handsome story of a wound received at the Battle of the Pines, when our tribe, overcome by numbers, was driven from its ancient camping-ground.

Of late years the jays have visited us only at intervals; and in winter their bright plumage, set off by the

snow, and their cheerful cry, are especially welcome. They would have furnished Æsop with a fable, for the feathered crest in which they seem to take so much satisfaction is often their fatal snare. Country boys make a hole with their fingers in the snow-crust just large enough to admit the jay's head, and, hollowing it out somewhat beneath, bait it with a few kernels of corn. The crest slips easily into the trap, but will not be pulled out, and he who comes to feast remains a prey.

Twice have the crow-blackbirds attempted a settlement in my pines, and twice have the robins, who claim a right of preëmption, so successfully played the part of border-ruffians as to drive them away—to my great regret, for they are the best substitute we have for rooks. At Shady Hill (now, alas! empty of its so long-loved household) they build by hundreds, and nothing can be more cheery than their creaking clatter (like a convention of old-fashioned tavern-signs) as they gather at evening to debate in mass meeting their windy politics, or to gossip at their tent-doors over the events of the day. Their bearing is grave, and their stalk across the turf as martial as that of a second-rate ghost in Hamlet. They never meddled with my corn, so far as I could discover.

For a few years I had crows, but their nests are an irresistible bait for boys, and their settlement was broken up. They grew so wonted as to throw off a great part of their shyness, and to tolerate my near approach. One very hot day I stood for some time within twenty feet of a mother and three children, who sat on an elm bough over my head, gasping in the sul-

try air, and holding their wings half-spread for coolness. All birds during the pairing season become more or less sentimental, and murmur soft nothings in a tone very unlike the grinding-organ repetition and loudness of their habitual song. The crow is very comical as a lover, and to hear him trying to soften his croak to the proper standard, has something the effect of a Mississippi boatman quoting Tennyson. Yet there are few things to my ear more melodious than his caw of a clear winter morning as it drops to you filtered through five hundred fathoms of crisp blue air.

The hostility of all smaller birds makes the moral character of the crow, for all his deaconlike demeanor and garb, somewhat questionable. He could never sally forth without insult. The golden robins, especially, would chase him as far as I could follow with my eye, making him duck clumsily to avoid their importunate bills. I do not believe, however, that he robbed my nests hereabouts, for the refuse of the gasworks, which, in our free-and-easy community, is allowed to poison the river, supplied him with dead alewives in abundance. I used to watch him making his periodical visits to the salt-marshes and coming back with a fish in his beak to his young savages, who, no doubt, like it in that condition which makes it savory to the Kanakas and other corvine races of men.

—James Russell Lowell.

neutral'ity: the state of not taking part in either side of a quarrel.—**manumis'sion**: the act of liberating.—**preëmp'tion**: the right of purchasing before others.—**rooks**: European birds resembling the crow.—**impor'tunate**: unreasonably urgent.—**alewives**: a kind of fish.—**Kana'kas**: natives of the Sandwich Islands.—**cor'vine**: crowlike.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

It was now the third of March, 1770. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard, as usual, throughout the town. The shrill fife and rattling drum awoke the echoes in King Street, while the last ray of sunshine was lingering on the cupola of the Town House. And now all the sentinels were posted. One of them marched up and down before the Custom House, treading a short path through the snow, and longing for the time when he would be dismissed to the warm fire-side of the guard room.

Meanwhile Captain Preston was, perhaps, sitting in our great chair before the hearth of the British Coffee House. In the course of the evening there were two or three slight commotions, which seemed to indicate that trouble was at hand. Small parties of young men stood at the corners of the streets or walked along the narrow pavements. Squads of soldiers who were dismissed from duty passed by them, shoulder to shoulder, with the regular step which they had learned at the drill. Whenever these encounters took place, it appeared to be the object of the young men to treat the soldiers with as much incivility as possible.

"Turn out, you lobsterbacks!" one would say. "Crowd them off the sidewalks!" another would cry. "A redcoat has no right in Boston streets!"

"Oh, you rebel rascals!" perhaps the soldiers would reply, glaring fiercely at the young men. "Some day or other we'll make our way through Boston streets at the point of the bayonet!"

Once or twice such disputes as these brought on a scuffle; which passed off, however, without attracting much notice. About eight o'clock, for some unknown cause, an alarm-bell rang loudly and hurriedly.

At the sound many people ran out of their houses, supposing it to be an alarm of fire. But there were no flames to be seen, nor was there any smell of smoke in the clear, frosty air; so that most of the townsmen went back to their own fire-sides and sat talking with their wives and children about the calamities of the times. Others who were young and less prudent remained in the streets; for there seemed to have been a presentiment that some strange event was on the eve of taking place.

Later in the evening, not far from nine o'clock, several young men passed by the Town House, and walked down King Street. The sentinel was still on his post in front of the Custom House, pacing to and fro; while, as he turned, a gleam of light from some neighboring window glittered on the barrel of his musket. At no great distance were the barracks and the guard house, where his comrades were telling stories of battle and bloodshed.

Down toward the Custom House came a party of wild young men. When they drew near the sentinel he halted on his post, and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts.

"Who goes there?" he cried, in a gruff voice and the peremptory tones of a soldier's challenge.

The young men, being Boston boys, felt as if they had a right to walk their own streets without being

accountable to the British redcoat, even though he challenged them in King George's name. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute, or perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers heard the noise, and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrade. At the same time many of the townspeople rushed into King Street by various avenues, and gathered in a crowd about the Custom House. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden.

The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months now kindled into a rage. They threw snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder it reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd, pricking the townspeople with their bayonets.

Henry Knox, afterwards general of the American artillery, caught Captain Preston's arm.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," exclaimed he, "take heed what you do, or there will be bloodshed."

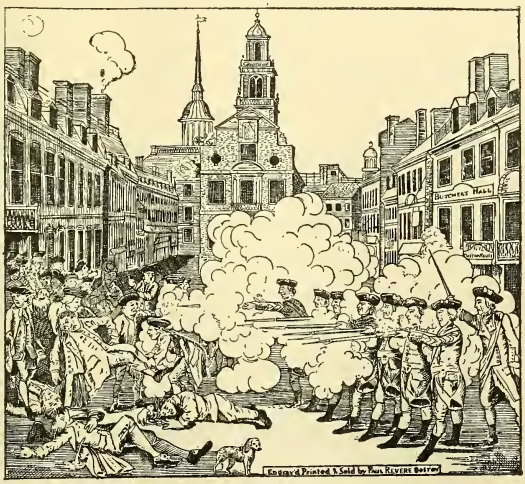
"Stand aside!" answered Captain Preston, haughtily. "Do not interfere, sir. Leave me to manage the affair."

Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semi-circle, with their faces to the crowd and their rear to the Custom House. When the people saw the officer and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers fronted them, their rage became almost uncontrollable.

"Fire, you lobsterbacks!" bellowed some.

"You dare not fire, you cowardly redcoats!" cried others.

"Rush upon them!" shouted many voices. "Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!"



The Boston Massacre, Etched by Paul Revere.

Amid the uproar, the soldiers stood glaring at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood.

Oh, what a crisis had now arrived! Up to this very moment, the angry feelings between England and America might have been pacified. England had but to stretch out the hand of reconciliation, and acknowledge that she had hitherto mistaken her rights, but would do so no more. Then the ancient bonds of broth-

erhood would again have been knit together as firmly as in old times. The habit of loyalty, which had grown as strong as instinct, was not utterly overcome. The perils shared, the victories won, in the old French war, when the soldiers of the colonies fought side by side with their comrades from beyond the sea, were unforgotten yet. England was still that beloved country which the colonists called their home. King George, though he had frowned upon America, was still reverenced as a father.

But should the King's soldiers shed one drop of American blood, then it was a quarrel to the death. Never, never would America rest satisfied until she had torn down the royal authority and trampled it in the dust.

"Fire, if you dare, villains!" hoarsely shouted the people, while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. "You dare not fire!"

They appeared ready to rush upon the levelled bayonets. Captain Preston waved his sword, and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, "Fire!" The flash of their muskets lighted up the streets, and the report rang out loudly between the edifices. It was said, too, that the figure of a man, with a cloth hanging down over his face, was seen to step into the balcony of the Custom House and discharge a musket at the crowd.

A gush of smoke had overspread the scene. It rose heavily, as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spec-

tacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not nor groaned; for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and that purple stain in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

cu'pola: a roof having a rounded form.—**calam'ities**: misfortunes.—**presen'timent**: impression of something evil about to happen.—**per'emptory**: decisive.—**pacified**: made peaceful.—**man'date**: command.—**ed'ifices**: buildings.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the gray and the blue,—
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air
And leap out full-length, as we're wanting you to?—
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?—
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue!—

Who gave you the name of Old Glory?—say, who—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

Old Glory,—speak out!—we are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay
As we cheer it and shout in our wild breezy way—
We—the *crowd*, every man of us, calling you that—
We—Tom, Dick and Harry—each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
When—*Lord!*—we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.—
And this is the reason we're wanting to know—
(And we're wanting it *so!*—
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go.)—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant, then wistfully sighed and was still.

Old Glory: the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;—

And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.—

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—
"By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,—
My name is as old as the glory of God.
. . . So I come by the name of Old Glory."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

tang: a sharp, distinct flavor

MARTHA

Miss Matty was ruined.

She tried to speak quietly to me; but when she came to the actual fact that she would have about five shillings a week to live upon, she could not restrain a few tears.

"I am not crying for myself, dear," said she, wiping them away; "I believe I am crying for the very silly thought of how my mother would grieve if she could know; she always cared for us so much more than for herself. But many a poor person has less, and I am not very extravagant, and, thank God, when the neck of mutton, and Martha's wages, and the rent are paid, I have not a farthing owing. Poor Martha! I think she'll be sorry to leave me."

Miss Matty smiled at me through her tears, and she would fain have had me see only the smile, not the tears. . . . Martha opened the door to me, her face swollen with crying. As soon as she saw me she burst out afresh, and taking hold of my arm she pulled me in, and banged the door to, in order to ask me if indeed it was all true that Miss Matty had been saying.

"I'll never leave her! No; I won't. I telled her so, and said I could not think how she could find in her heart to give me warning. I could not have had the face to do it, if I'd been her. I might ha' been just as good for nothing as Mrs. Fitz-Adam's Rosy, who struck for wages after living seven years and a half in one place. I said I was not one to go and serve Mammon

at that rate; that I knew when I'd got a good missus, if she didn't know when she'd got a good servant——"

"But, Martha," said I, cutting in while she wiped her eyes.

"Don't 'but Martha' me," she replied to my deprecatory tone.

"Listen to reason——"

"I'll not listen to reason," she said, now in full possession of her voice, which had been rather choked with sobbing. "Reason always means what some one else has got to say. Now I think what I've got to say is good enough reason; but reason or not, I'll say it, and I'll stick to it. I've money in the Savings Bank, and I've a good stock of clothes, and I'm not going to leave Miss Matty. No, not if she gives me warning every hour in the day!"

She put her arms akimbo, as much as to say she defied me; and, indeed, I could hardly tell how to begin to remonstrate with her, so much did I feel that Miss Matty, in her increasing infirmity, needed the attendance of this kind and faithful woman.

"Well—" said I at last.

"I'm thankful you begin with 'well!' If you'd ha' begun with 'but,' as you did afore, I'd not ha' listened to you. Now you may go on."

"I know you would be a great loss to Miss Matty, Martha——"

"I telled her so. A loss she'd never cease to be sorry for," broke in Martha triumphantly.

"Still, she will have so little—so very little—to live upon, that I don't see just now how she could find you

food—she will even be pressed for her own. I tell you this, Martha, because I feel you are like a friend to dear Miss Matty, but you know she might not like to have it spoken about."

Apparently that was even a blacker view of the subject than Miss Matty had presented to her, for Martha just sat down on the first chair that came to hand, and cried out loud (we had been standing in the kitchen).

At last she put her apron down, and looking me earnestly in the face, asked, "Was that the reason Miss Matty wouldn't order a pudding to-day? She said she had no great fancy for sweet things, and you and she would just have a mutton-chop. But I'll be up to her. Never you tell, but I'll make her a pudding, and pudding she'll like, too, and I'll pay for it myself; so mind you see she eats it. Many a one has been comforted in their sorrow by seeing a good dish come upon the table."

I was rather glad that Martha's energy had taken the immediate and practical direction of pudding-making, for it staved off the quarrelsome discussion as to whether she should or should not leave Miss Matty's service. She began to tie on a clean apron, and otherwise prepare herself for going to the shop for the butter, eggs, and what else she might require. She would not use a scrap of the articles already in the house for her cookery, but went to an old tea-pot in which her private store of money was deposited, and took out what she wanted.

I found Miss Matty very quiet, and not a little sad; but by and by she tried to smile for my sake. It

was settled that I was to write to my father, and ask him to come over and hold a consultation, and as soon as this letter was dispatched, we began to talk over future plans. Miss Matty's idea was to take a single room, and retain as much of her furniture as would be necessary to fit up this, and sell the rest, and there to exist quietly upon what would remain after paying the rent. For my part, I was more ambitious and less contented. I thought of all the things by which a woman past middle age, and with the education common to ladies fifty years ago, could earn or add to a living without materially losing caste; but at length I put even this last clause on one side, and wondered what in the world Miss Matty could do.

Teaching was, of course, the first thing that suggested itself. If Miss Matty could teach children anything, it would throw her among the little elves in whom her soul delighted. I ran over her accomplishments. Once upon a time I had heard her say she could play on the piano, but that was long, long ago; that faint shadow of musical acquirement had died out years before. She had also once been able to trace out patterns very nicely for muslin embroidery, by dint of placing a piece of silver-paper over a design to be copied, and holding both against the window-pane while she marked the scallop and eyelet-holes. But that was her nearest approach to the accomplishment of drawing, and I did not think it would go very far. Then again, as to the branches of a solid English education—fancy work and the use of the globes—such as the mistress of the Ladies' Seminary, to which all the tradespeople in

Cranford sent their daughters, professed to teach– Miss Matty's eyes were failing her, and I doubted if she could discover the number of threads in a worsted-work pattern, or rightly appreciate the different shades required for Queen Adelaide's face in the royal wool-work now fashionable in Cranford. As for the use of the globes, I had never been able to find it out myself, so perhaps I was not a good judge of Miss Matty's capability of instructing in this branch of education; but it struck me that equators and tropics, and such mystical circles, were very imaginary lines indeed to her, and that she looked upon the signs of the Zodiac as so many remnants of the Black Art. . . .

No! there was nothing she could teach to the rising generation of Cranford, unless they had been quick learners and ready imitators of her patience, her humility, her sweetness, her quiet contentment with all that she could not do. I pondered and pondered until dinner was announced by Martha, with a face all blubbered and swollen with crying.

Miss Matty had a few little peculiarities which Martha was apt to regard as whims below her attention, and appeared to consider as childish fancies of which an old lady of fifty-eight should try and cure herself. But to-day everything was attended to with the most careful regard. The bread was cut to the imaginary pattern of excellence that existed in Miss Matty's mind, as being the way which her mother had preferred; the curtain was drawn so as to exclude the dead brick wall of a neighbor's stables, and yet left so as to show every

tender leaf of the poplar which was bursting into spring beauty. Martha's tone to Miss Matty was just such as that good, rough-spoken servant usually kept sacred for little children, and which I had never heard her use to any grown-up person.

I had forgotten to tell Miss Matty about the pudding, and I was afraid she might not do justice to it, for she had evidently very little appetite this day; so I seized the opportunity of letting her into the secret while Martha took away the meat. Miss Matty's eyes filled with tears, and she could not speak, either to express surprise or delight, when Martha returned bearing it aloft, made in the most wonderful representation of a lion that ever was moulded. Martha's face gleamed with triumph as she set it down before Miss Matty with an exultant "There!" Miss Matty wanted to speak her thanks; but could not; so she took Martha's hand and shook it warmly, which set Martha off crying, and I myself could hardly keep up the necessary composure. Martha burst out of the room, and Miss Matty had to clear her voice once or twice before she could speak. At last she said, "I should like to keep this pudding under a glass shade, my dear!" and the notion of the lion, with his currant eyes, being hoisted up to the place of honor on a mantelpiece, tickled my hysterical fancy, and I began to laugh, which rather surprised Miss Matty.

"I am sure, dear, I have seen uglier things under a glass shade before now," said she.

So had I, many a time and oft, and I accordingly composed my countenance (and now I could hardly

keep from crying), and we both fell to upon the pudding, which was indeed excellent—only every morsel seemed to choke us, our hearts were so full.

—*Cranford:* Mrs. Gaskell.

Mammon: the god of riches.—**dep'recatory:** apologetic.—**caste:** social position.—**Zodiac:** an imaginary belt in the heavens, in the center of which is the sun's path. It comprises the twelve constellations from which were named the twelve signs of the Zodiac.—**Black Art:** a name given to the art of magic.

THE FALLS OF THE RHINE

My friend, what shall I say to you? I have just come from seeing that strange thing. I am only a few steps from it. I hear the noise of it. I am writing to you without knowing what falls from my thoughts. Ideas and images accumulate there pell-mell, hastening, jostling, and bruising each other, and disappearing in vapor, in foam, in uproar, and in clouds.

Within me there is an immense ebullition. It seems to me that I have the Falls of the Rhine in my brain.

I write at random, just as it comes. You must understand, if you can.

You arrive at Laufen. It is a castle of the thirteenth century, a very beautiful pile and of a very good style. At the door there are two gilded wyverns with open mouths. They are roaring. You would say that they are making the mysterious noise you hear.

You enter.

You are in the courtyard of a castle. It is no longer a castle, it is a farm. Hens, geese, turkeys, dirt; a cart

in a corner; and a vat of lime. A door opens. The cascade appears.

Marvelous spectacle!

Frightful tumult! That is the first effect. Then you look about you. The cataract cuts out the gulfs which it fills with large white sheets. As in a conflagration, there are some little peaceful spots in the midst of this object of terror; groves blended with foam; charming brooks in the mosses; fountains shadowed by little boughs gently agitated.—And then these details vanish, and the impression of the whole returns to you. Eternal tempest! Snow, vital and furious. The water is of a strange transparency. Some black rocks produce sinister aspects under the water. They appear to touch the surface and are ten feet down. Below the two principal leaps of the falls two great sheaves of foam spread themselves upon the river and disperse in green clouds. On the other side of the Rhine, I perceive a tranquil group of little houses, where the housekeepers come and go.

As I am observing, my guide tells me: "Lake Constance froze in the winter of 1829 and 1830. It had not frozen for a hundred and four years. People crossed it in carriages. Poor people were frozen to death in Schaffhausen."

I descended a little lower towards the abyss. The sky was gray and veiled. The cascade roared like a tiger. Frightful noise, terrible rapidity! Dust of water, smoke, and rain at the same time. Through this mist you see the cataract in its full development. Five large rocks cut it into five sheets of water of

diverse aspects and different sizes. You believe you see the five worn piers of a bridge of Titans. In the winter the ice forms blue arches upon these black abutments.

The nearest of these rocks is of a strange form; it seems as if the water issued full of rage from the hideous and impassive head of a Hindoo idol with an elephant's head. Some trees and brambles, which intermingle at its summit, give it bristling and horrible hair.

At the most awe-inspiring point of the Falls, a great rock disappears and reappears under the foam like the skull of an engulfed giant, beaten for six thousand years by this dreadful shower-bath.

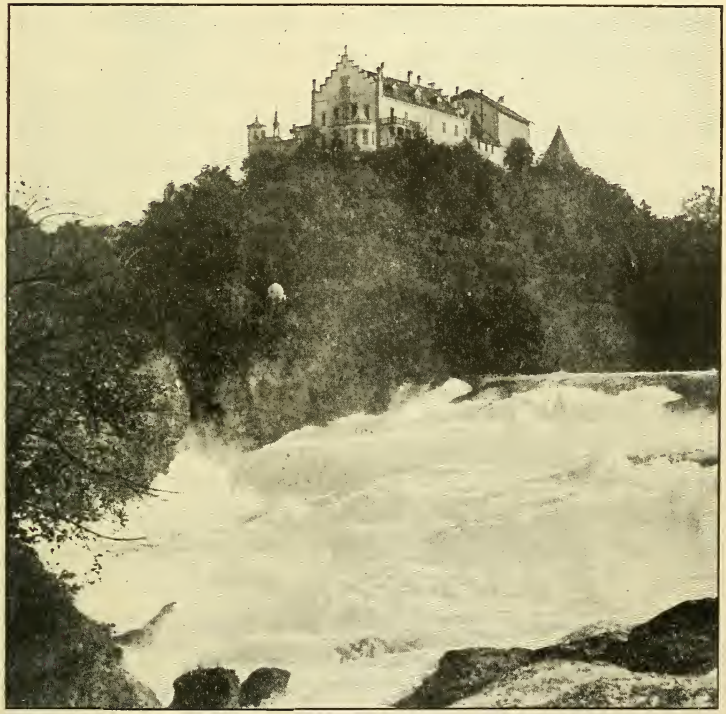
The guide continues his monologue: "The Falls of the Rhine are one league from Schaffhausen. The whole mass of the river falls there at a height of seventy feet"——

The rugged path which descends from the castle of Laufen to the abyss, crosses a garden. At the moment when I passed, deafened by the formidable cataract, a child, accustomed to living with this marvel of the world, was playing among the flowers.

This path has several barriers, where you pay a trifle from time to time. The poor cataract should not work for nothing. See the trouble it gives. It is very necessary that with all the foam that it throws upon the trees, the rocks, the river, and the clouds, that it should throw a few sous into the pocket of some one. That is the least it can do.

I came along this path until I reached a kind of balcony skillfully poised right over the abyss.

There, everything moves you at once. You are dazzled, made dizzy, confused, terrified, and charmed. You lean on a wooden rail that trembles. Some yellow trees, —it is autumn—and some red quick-trees surround a



little pavilion, from which one observes the horror of the thing. The women cover themselves with an oil-skin (each one costs a franc). You are suddenly enveloped in a terrible, thundering and heavy shower.

Some pretty little yellow snails crawl voluptuously over this dew on the rail of the balcony. The rock that

slopes beyond the balcony weeps drop by drop into the cascade. Upon this rock, which is in the center of the cataract, a knight of painted wood stands leaning upon a red shield with a white cross. Some man certainly risked his life to plant this doubtful ornament in the midst of Jehovah's grand and eternal poetry.

The two giants, who lift up their heads, I should say the two largest rocks, seem to speak. The thunder is their voice. Above an alarming mound of foam you see a peaceful little house with its little orchard. You would say that this terrible hydra is condemned to carry eternally upon his back that sweet and happy cabin.

I went to the extremity of the balcony; I leaned against the rock. The sight became still more terrible. It was a frightful descent of water. The hideous and splendid abyss angrily throws a shower of pearls into the face of those who dare to regard it so near. That is admirable. The four great heaps of the cataract fall, mount, and fall again without ceasing. You would believe that you were beholding the four lightning-wheels of the storm-chariot.

The wooden bridge was laid under water. The boards were slippery. Some dead leaves quivered under my feet. In a cleft of the rock, I noticed a little tuft of dried grass. Dry under the cataract of Schaffhausen! in this deluge, it missed every drop of water! There are some hearts that may be likened to this tuft of grass. In the midst of a vortex of human prosperity, they wither of themselves. Alas! this drop of water which they have missed and which springs

not forth from the earth but falls from heaven, is Love!

How long did I remain there, absorbed in that grand spectacle? I could not possibly tell you. During that contemplation the hours passed in my spirit like the waves in the abyss, without leaving a trace or memory.

However, some one came to inform me that the day was declining. I climbed up to the castle and from there I descended to the sandy shore whence you cross the Rhine to gain the right bank. This shore is below the Falls, and you cross the river at a few fathoms from the cataract. To accomplish this, you risk yourself, in a little boat, charming, light, exquisite, adjusted like the canoe of a savage, constructed of wood as supple as the skin of a shark, solid, elastic, fibrous, grazing the rocks every instant and hardly escaping—being managed like all the small boats of the Rhine with a hook, and an oar in the form of a shovel. Nothing is stranger than to feel in this little boat the deep and thunderous shocks of the water.

As the bark moved away from the bank, I looked above my head at the battlements covered with tiles, and the sharp gable ends of the castle that dominates the precipice. Some fishermen's nets were drying up on the stones on the bank of the river. Do they fish in this vortex? Yes, without doubt. As the fish cannot leap over the cataract, many salmon are caught here. Moreover, where is the whirlpool in which man will not fish?

Now I will recapitulate my intense and almost poignant sensations. First impression: you do not

know what to say, you are crushed as by all great poems. Then the whole unravels itself. The beauties disengage themselves from the cloud. Altogether it is grand, somber, hideous, magnificent, unutterable.

On the other side of the Rhine, the Falls are made to turn mill-wheels.

Upon one bank, the castle; upon the other, the village, which is called Neuhausen.

It is a remarkable thing that each of the great Alpine rivers, on leaving the mountains, has the color of the sea to which it flows. The Rhone, escaping from the Lake of Geneva, is blue like the Mediterranean; the Rhine issuing from Lake Constance, is green like the ocean.

Unfortunately the sky was overcast. I cannot, therefore, say that I saw the Falls of Laufen in all their splendor. Nothing is richer nor more marvelous than that shower of pearls of which I have already told you. This should be, however, even more wonderful when the sun changes these pearls to diamonds and when the rainbow plunges its emerald neck into the foam, like a divine bird that comes to drink in the abyss.

From the other side of the Rhine, whence I am now writing, the cataract appears in its entirety, divided into five very distinct parts, each of which has its physiognomy quite apart from the others, and forming a kind of crescendo. The first is an overflowing from a mill; the second, almost symmetrically composed by the work of the wave and time, is a fountain; the third, a cascade; the fourth, an avalanche; and the fifth, chaos.

A last word, and I will close this letter. Several paces from the Falls, you explore a calcareous rock, which is very beautiful. In the midst of one of the quarries that are there a galley-slave, in stripes of gray and black, with pick-axe in his hand and a double chain on his feet, looked at the cataract. Chance seems to delight itself sometimes in placing in contrast, sometimes sad and sometimes terrible, the work of nature and the work of society.

—Victor Hugo.

ebulli'tion: boiling.—**wy'verns**: mythical two-legged creatures having heads like dragons.—**Titans**: mythological beings of great size and strength.—**abut'ments**: solid parts of a wall that bear the lateral pressure of an arch.—**sous**: pennies.—**franc**: a French silver coin worth about 19 cents.—**volup'tuously**: with delight or pleasure.—**vortex**: a whirlpool.—**recapit'ulate**: sum up.—**poign'ant**: piercing.—**physiog'nomy**: general appearance or aspect.—**calca'reous**: the name of a kind of stone.

JUNE

And what is so rare as a day in June?
  Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
  And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
  An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, grasping blindly above it for light,
  Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

The flush of life may well be seen
  Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
  And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer
  Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God so wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear
That dandelions are blossoming near,
  That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,

That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

—James Russell Lowell.

ON THE FIELD OF GETTYSBURG

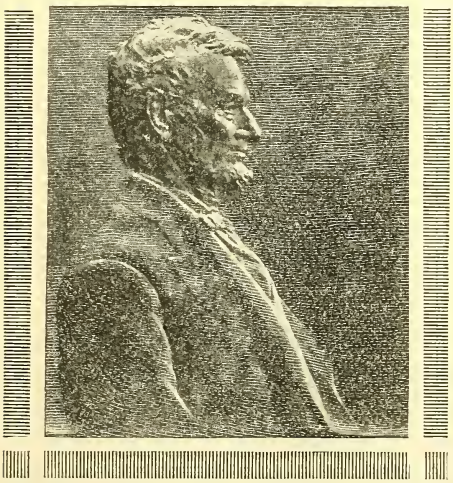
November 19, 1863, a portion of the battlefield of Gettysburg was dedicated and consecrated as a national cemetery. On this occasion President Lincoln made the following address:

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have

consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



—Abraham Lincoln.

conceived: formed.—**detract'**: take away from.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

A NIGHT AT THE HIGHLAND LIGHT

The Highland Lighthouse, where we were staying, is a substantial looking building of brick, painted white, and surmounted by an iron cap. Attached to it is the dwelling of the keeper, one story high, also of brick, and built by the government. As we were going to spend the night in a lighthouse, we wished to make the most of so novel an experience, and therefore told our host that we would like to accompany him when he went to light up.

At rather early candlelight he lighted a small Japan lamp, allowing it to smoke rather more than we like on ordinary occasions, and told us to follow him. He led the way first through his bedroom, which was placed nearest to the lighthouse, and then through a long, narrow, covered passageway, between white-washed walls like a prison entry, into the lower part of the lighthouse, where many great butts of oil were arranged around; thence we ascended by a winding and

open iron stairway, with a steadily increasing scent of oil and lamp smoke, to a trapdoor in an iron floor, and through this in to the lantern. It was a neat building, with everything in apple-pie order, and no danger of anything rusting there for want of oil.

The light consisted of fifteen argand lamps, placed within smooth concave reflectors twenty-one inches in diameter, and arranged in two horizontal circles one above the other, facing every way excepting directly down the cape. These were surrounded at a distance of two or three feet, by large plate-glass windows, which defied the storms, with iron sashes, on which rested the iron cap. All the iron-work, except the floor, was painted white. And thus the lighthouse was completed.

We walked slowly round in that narrow space as the keeper lighted each lamp in succession, conversing with him at the same moment that many a sailor on the deep witnessed the lighting of the Highland Light. His duty was to fill and trim and light his lamps, and keep bright the reflectors. He filled the lamps every morning, and trimmed them commonly once in the course of the night. He complained of the quality of the oil which was furnished. This house consumes about eight hundred gallons in a year, which costs not far from one dollar a gallon; but perhaps a few more lives would be saved if better oil were provided. Another lighthouse keeper said that the same proportion of winter-strained oil was sent to the southernmost lighthouse in the Union as to the most northern.

Formerly, when this lighthouse had windows with small and thin panes, a severe storm would sometimes break the glass, and then they were obliged to put up a wooden shutter in haste to save their lights and reflectors,—and sometimes in tempests, when the mariner stood most in need of their guidance, they had thus nearly converted the lighthouse into a dark lantern, which emitted only a few feeble rays, and those commonly on the land or lee side.

He spoke of the anxiety and sense of responsibility which he felt in cold and stormy nights in the winter; when he knew that many a poor fellow was depending on him, and his lamps burned dimly, the oil being chilled. Sometimes he was obliged to warm the oil in a kettle in his house at midnight, and fill his lamps over again,—for he could not have a fire in the lighthouse, it produced such a sweat on the windows. His successor told me that he could not keep too hot a fire in such a case. All this because the oil was poor. A government lighting the mariners on its wintry coast with summer-strained oil, to save expense! That was surely a summer-strained mercy.

This keeper's successor, who kindly entertained me the next year, stated that one extremely cold night, when this and all the neighboring lights were burning summer oil, he had been provident enough to reserve a little winter oil against emergencies. He was waked up with anxiety, and found that his oil was congealed, and his lights almost extinguished; and when after many hours' exertion, he had succeeded in replenishing his reservoirs with winter oil at the wick end,

and with difficulty had made them burn, he looked out and found that the other lights in the neighborhood, which were usually visible to him, had gone out, and he heard afterward that the Pamet River and Billingsgate Lights also had been extinguished.

Our host said that the frost, too, on the windows caused him much trouble, and in sultry summer nights the moths covered them and dimmed his lights; sometimes even small birds flew against the thick plate glass, and were found on the ground beneath, in the morning, with their necks broken. In the spring of 1855 he found nineteen small yellow birds, perhaps goldfinches or myrtle birds, thus lying dead around the lighthouse; and sometimes in the fall he had seen where a golden plover had struck the glass in the night, and left the down and the fatty part of its breast adhering to it.

Thus he struggled, by every method, to keep his lights shining before men. Surely the lighthouse keeper has a responsible, if an easy, office. When his lamp goes out, he goes out; or, at most, only one such accident is pardoned.

I thought it a pity that some poor student did not live there, to profit by all that light, since he would not rob the mariner. "Well," he said, "I do sometimes come up here and read the newspaper when they are noisy down below." Think of fifteen argand lamps to read the newspaper by! Government oil!—light enough, perchance, to read the Constitution by. I thought that he should read nothing less than his Bible by that light. I had a classmate who fitted for college

by the lamps of a lighthouse, which was more light, we think, than the University afforded.

When we had come down and walked a dozen rods from the lighthouse, we found that we could not get the full strength of its light on the narrow strip of land between it and the shore, being too low for the focus, and we saw only so many feeble and rayless stars; but at forty rods inland we could see to read, though we were still indebted to only one lamp. Each reflector sent forth a separate "fan" of light,—one shone on the windmill, and one in the hollow, while the intervening spaces were in shadow. This light is said to be visible twenty nautical miles and more, by an observer fifteen feet above the level of the sea.

We could see the revolving light at Race Point, the end of the Cape, about nine miles distant, and also the light on Long Point, at the entrance of Provincetown Harbor, and one of the distant Plymouth Harbor lights, across the Bay, nearly in a range with the last, like a star in the horizon. The keeper thought that the other Plymouth light was concealed by being exactly in a range with the Long Point light. He told us that the mariner was sometimes led astray by the lantern of a mackerel-fisher, who was afraid of being run down in the night, or even by a cottager's light, mistaking them for some well-known light on the coast, and, when he discovered his mistake, was wont to curse the prudent fisher or the wakeful cottager without reason.

Though it was once declared that Providence placed this mass of clay here on purpose to erect a lighthouse on, the keeper said that the lighthouse should have been

erected half a mile farther south, where the coast begins to bend, and where the light could be seen at the same time with the Nauset lights, and distinguished from them. They now talk of building one there. It happens that the present one is the more useless now, so near the extremity of the Cape, because other lighthouses have since been erected there.

Among the many regulations of the Lighthouse Board, hanging against the wall here, many of them excellent perhaps, if there were a regiment stationed here to attend to them, there is one requiring the keeper to keep an account of the number of vessels which pass his light during the day. But there are a hundred vessels in sight at once, steering in all directions, many on the very verge of the horizon, and he must have more eyes than Argus, and be a good deal farther sighted, to tell which are passing his light. It is an employment in some respects suited to the habits of the gulls which coast up and down here, and circle over the sea.

I was told by the next keeper, that on the 8th of June preceding he rose about half an hour before sunrise, and having a little time to spare, for his custom was to extinguish his lights at sunrise, walked down toward the shore to see what he might find. When he got to the edge of the bank he looked up, and, to his astonishment, saw the sun rising, and already part way above the horizon. Thinking that his clock was wrong, he made haste back, and though it was still too early by the clock, extinguished his lamps, and when he had got through and come down, he looked out the window, and,

to his still greater astonishment, saw the sun just where it was before, two-thirds above the horizon.

He showed me where its rays fell on the paper across the room. He proceeded to make a fire, and when he had done, there was the sun still at the same height. Whereupon, not trusting to his own eyes any longer, he called up his wife to look at it, and she saw it also. There were vessels in sight on the ocean, and their crews, too, he said, must have seen it, for its rays fell on them. It remained at that height for about fifteen minutes by the clock, and then rose as usual, and nothing else extraordinary happened during that day.

Though accustomed to the coast, he had never witnessed nor heard of such a phenomenon before. I suggested that there might have been a cloud in the horizon invisible to him, which rose with the sun, and his clock was only as accurate as the average; or perhaps, as he denied the possibility of this, it was such a looming of the sun as is said to occur at Lake Superior and elsewhere. Sir John Franklin, for instance, says in his Narrative, that when he was on the shore of the Polar Sea, the horizontal refraction varied so much one morning that "the upper limb of the sun twice appeared at the horizon before it finally rose."

This keeper remarked that the center of the flame should be exactly opposite the center of the reflectors, and that accordingly, if he was not careful to turn down his wicks in the morning, the sun, falling on the reflectors on the south side of the building, would set fire to them, like a burning glass, in the coldest day, and he would look up at noon and see them all lighted! When

your lamp is ready to give light, it is readiest to receive it, and the sun will light it. His successor said that he had never known them to blaze in such a case, but merely to smoke.

I saw that this was a place of wonders. In a sea turn or shallow fog while I was there the next summer, it being clear overhead, the edge of the bank twenty rods distant appeared like a mountain pasture in the horizon. I was completely deceived by it, and I could then understand why mariners sometimes ran ashore in such places, especially in the night, supposing it to be far away, though they could see the land.

Once since this, being in a large oyster boat two or three hundred miles from here, in a dark night, when there was a thin veil of mist on land and water, we came so near to running onto the land before our skipper was aware of it, that the first warning was my hearing the sound of the surf under my elbow. I could almost have jumped ashore, and we were obliged to go about very suddenly to prevent striking. The distant light for which we were steering, supposing it a lighthouse, five or six miles off, came through the cracks of a fisherman's bunk not more than six rods distant.

The keeper entertained us handsomely in his solitary little ocean house. He was a man of singular patience and intelligence, who, when our queries struck him, rang as clear as a bell in response. The lighthouse lamp a few feet distant shone full into my chamber, and made it as bright as day, so I knew exactly how the Highland Light bore all that night, and I was in no

danger of being wrecked. Unlike the last, this was as still as a summer night. I thought as I lay there, half awake and half asleep, looking upward through the window at the lights above my head, how many sleepless eyes from far out on the ocean stream—mariners of all nations spinning their yarns through the various watches of the night—were directed toward my couch.

—Henry David Thoreau.

argand lamps: lamps having circular hollow wicks and glass chimneys that allow a current of air both inside and outside of the flame.—**Argus**: a mythical creature with a hundred eyes.—**refrac'tion**: change in the direction of a ray of light.—**sea turn**: gale or mist from the sea.

D'ARTAGNAN JOINS THE MUSKETEERS

The following story is taken from a famous book, "The Three Musketeers," which relates the adventures of Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, members of the King's Musketeers in France at the time of King Louis XIII and the powerful Cardinal Richelieu. D'Artagnan, the hero of the story, is a youth who has just come up to Paris from Gascony, a French province, to make his way in the world. While running after a man who had stolen his letter of introduction to Monsieur de Tréville, the Captain of the King's Musketeers, he runs into Athos and wrenches the musketeer's shoulder. Athos thereupon challenges him to a duel to take place at noon. D'Artagnan runs on, and in endeavoring to pass between two men, runs into the cloak of Porthos and thereby discovers that a gorgeous gold embroidered baldrick which that musketeer is wearing is only leather in the back. Porthos challenges him to a duel at one o'clock. The unfortunate D'Artagnan runs on, and sees Aramis conversing with several gentlemen. He restores to him a hankerchief upon which Aramis was holding his foot. In this way he gets into the bad graces of Aramis, because the handkerchief bore a lady's crest and Aramis had been trying to hide it. The hour for his duel with Aramis is set for two o'clock.

D'Artagnan was acquainted with nobody in Paris. He went, therefore, to his appointment with Athos,

without a second, determined to be satisfied with those his adversary should choose. Besides, his intention was formed to make the brave musketeer all suitable apologies, but without meanness or weakness, fearing that that might result from his duel which generally results from an affair of the kind, when a young and vigorous man fights with an adversary who is wounded and weakened; if conquered, he doubles the triumph of his antagonist; if a conqueror, he is accused of foul play and want of courage.

"Monsieur," said Athos, "I have engaged two of my friends as seconds; but these two friends are not yet come, at which I am astonished, as it is not at all their custom to be behindhand."

"I have no seconds on my part, monsieur," said D'Artagnan; "for, having only arrived yesterday in Paris, I as yet know no one but M. de Tréville, to whom I was recommended by my father, who has the honor to be, in some degree, one of his friends."

Athos reflected for an instant.

"You know no one but M. de Tréville?" he asked.

"No, monsieur; I know only him."

"Well, but then," continued Athos, speaking partly to himself, "well, but then, if I kill you, I shall have the air of a boy-slayer."

"Not too much so," replied D'Artagnan, with a bow that was not deficient in dignity, "not too much so, since you do me the honor to draw a sword with me whilst suffering from a wound which is very painful."

"Well, that is again well said," cried Athos, with a gracious nod to D'Artagnan, that did not come from

a man without brains, and certainly not from a man without a heart. "Monsieur, I love men of your kidney, and I foresee plainly that, if we don't kill each other, I shall hereafter have much pleasure in your conversation. We will wait for these gentlemen, if you please; I have plenty of time, and it will be more correct. Ah! here is one of them, I think."

In fact, at the end of the street, the gigantic form of Porthos began to appear.

"What!" cried D'Artagnan, "is your first second M. Porthos?"

"Yes. Is that unpleasant to you?"

"Oh, not at all."

"And here comes the other."

D'Artagnan turned in the direction pointed to by Athos, and perceived Aramis.

"What!" cried he, in an accent of great astonishment, "is your second witness M. Aramis?"

"Doubtless he is. Are you not aware that we are never seen one without the others, and that we are called in the musketeers and the guards, at court and in the city, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, or the three inseparables? And yet, as you come from Dax or Pau——"

"From Tarbes," said D'Artagnan.

"It is probable you are ignorant of this circumstance," said Athos.

"My faith!" replied d'Artagnan. "You are well named, gentlemen, and my adventure, if it should make any noise, will prove at least that your union is not founded upon contrasts!"

In the meantime Porthos had come up, waved his hand to Athos, and then turning towards D'Artagnan, stood quite astonished.

Permit us to say, in passing, that he had changed his baldrick, and was without his cloak.

"Ah, ah!" said he, "what does this mean?"

"This is the gentleman I am going to fight with," said Athos, pointing to D'Artagnan with his hand, and saluting him with the same gesture.

"Why, it is with him I also am going to fight," said Porthos.

"But not before one o'clock," replied D'Artagnan.

"Well, and I also am going to fight with that gentleman," said Aramis, coming on to the ground as he spoke.

"But not till two o'clock," said D'Artagnan, with the same calmness.

"But what are you going to fight about, Athos?" asked Aramis.

"My faith! I don't very well know; he hurt my shoulder. And you, Porthos?"

"My faith! I am going to fight, because I am going to fight," answered Porthos, coloring deeply.

Athos, whose keen eye lost nothing, perceived a faintly sly smile pass over the lips of the young Gascon, as he replied:

"We had a short discussion upon dress."

"And you, Aramis?" asked Athos.

"Oh, ours is a theological quarrel," replied Aramis, making a sign to D'Artagnan to keep secret the cause of their dispute.

Athos saw a second smile on the lips of D'Artagnan.

"Indeed?" said Athos.

"Yes; a passage of St. Augustine, upon which we would not agree," said the Gascon.

"By Jove! this is a clever fellow," murmured Athos.

"And now you are all assembled, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, "permit me to offer you my excuses."

At this word *excuses*, a cloud passed over the brow of Athos, a haughty smile curled the lip of Porthos, and a negative sign was the reply of Aramis.

"You do not understand me, gentlemen," said D'Artagnan, throwing up his head, the sharp and bold lines of which were at the moment gilded by a bright sun ray. "I ask to be excused in case I should not be able to discharge my debt to all three; for M. Athos has the right to kill me first, which must abate your valor in your own estimation, M. Porthos, and render yours almost null, M. Aramis. And now, gentlemen, I repeat, excuse me, but on that account only, and—guard!"

At these words, with the most gallant air possible, D'Artagnan drew his sword.

The blood had mounted to the head of D'Artagnan, and at that moment he would have drawn his sword against all the musketeers in the kingdom, as willingly as he now did against Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.

It was a quarter past mid-day. The sun was in its zenith, and the spot chosen for the theater of the duel was exposed to its full power.

"It is very hot," said Athos, drawing his sword in his turn, "and yet I cannot take off my doublet; for I just now felt my wound begin to bleed again, and I

should not like to annoy monsieur with the sight of blood which he has not drawn from me himself."

"That is true, monsieur," replied D'Artagnan, "and, whether drawn by myself or another, I assure you I shall always view with regret the blood of so brave a gentleman; I will therefore fight in my doublet, as you do."

"Come, come, enough of compliments," cried Porthos; "please to remember we are waiting for our turns."

"Speak for yourself," interrupted Aramis. "For my part, I think what they say is very well said, and quite worthy of two gentlemen."

"When you please, monsieur," said Athos, putting himself on guard.

"I waited your orders," said D'Artagnan, crossing swords.

But scarcely had the two swords sounded on meeting, when a company of the guards of his Eminence, commanded by M. de Jussac, turned the angle of the convent.

"The cardinal's guards! the cardinal's guards!" cried Aramis and Porthos at the same time. "Sheathe swords! gentlemen! sheathe swords!"

But it was too late. The two combatants had been seen in a position which left no doubt of their intentions.

"Hola!" cried Jussac, advancing towards them, and making a sign to his men to do so likewise, "hola! musketeers, fighting here, then, are you? And the edicts, what is become of them?"

"You are very generous, gentlemen of the guards," said Athos, with bitterness, for Jussac was one of the aggressors of the preceding day. "If we were to see you fighting, I can assure you that we would make no effort to prevent you. Leave us alone, then, and you will enjoy a little amusement without cost to yourselves."

"Gentlemen," said Jussac, "it is with great regret that I pronounce the thing impossible. Duty before everything. Sheathe, then, if you please, and follow us."

"Monsieur," said Aramis, parodying Jussac, "it would afford us great pleasure to obey your polite invitation, if it depended upon ourselves; but, unfortunately, the thing is impossible; M. de Tréville has forbidden it. Pass on your way, then; it is the best thing you can do."

This raillery exasperated Jussac.

"We will charge upon you, then," said he, "if you disobey."

"There are five of them," said Athos, half aloud, "and we are but three; we shall be beaten again, and must die on the spot, for, on my part, I declare I will never appear before the captain again as a conquered man."

Athos, Porthos, and Aramis instantly closed in, and Jussac drew up his soldiers.

This short interval was sufficient to determine D'Artagnan on the part he was to take; it was one of those events which decide the life of a man; it was a choice between the king and the cardinal; the choice made, it

must be persisted in. To fight was to disobey the law, to risk his head, to make at once an enemy of a minister more powerful than the king himself; all this the young man perceived, and yet, to his praise we speak it, he

did not hesitate a second. Turning towards Athos and his friends,——

"Gentlemen," said he, "allow me to correct your words, if you please. You said you were but three, but it appears to me we are four."

"But you are not one of us," said Porthos.

"That's true," replied D'Artagnan; "I do not wear

the uniform, but I am one of you in spirit. My heart is that of a musketeer; I feel it, monsieur, and that impels me on."

"Withdraw, young man," cried Jussac, who, doubtless, by his gestures and the expression of his countenance, had guessed D'Artagnan's design.

"You may retire; we allow you to do so. Save your skin; be gone quickly."

D'Artagnan did not move.

"Decidedly you are a pretty fellow," said Athos, pressing the young man's hand.

"Come, come, decide one way or the other," replied Jussac.

"Well," said Porthos to Aramis, "we must do something."

"Monsieur is very generous," said Athos.

But all three reflected upon the youth of D'Artagnan, and dreaded his inexperience.

"We should only be three, one of whom is wounded, with the addition of a boy," resumed Athos, "and yet it will be not the less said that we were four men."

"Yes, but to yield!" said Porthos.

"That's rather difficult," replied Athos.

D'Artagnan comprehended whence a part of this irresolution arose.

"Try me, gentlemen," said he, "and I swear to you, by my honor, that I will not go hence if we are conquered."

"What is your name, my brave fellow?" said Athos.

"D'Artagnan, monsieur."

"Well, then! Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan, forward!" cried Athos.

—Alexandre Dumas.

D'Artagnan (där-tăn-yŏn').—**second**: one who acts as another's aid in a duel.—**Monsieur** (mŏ-syĕ'): the common French title used as we use Mr. or Sir. Its abbreviation is *M.*—**bal'drick**: a broad belt worn across the chest, over one shoulder and under the other arm.—**Gascon**: a native of Gascony, a province of France.—**theolog'ical**: pertaining to the science which treats of God.—**ze'nith**: highest point.—**his Eminence**: a title used in speaking of, or addressing a cardinal, a high officer in the Roman Catholic church.—**Jussac**: zhōō-săc'.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
  The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
  Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
  Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
  The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
  The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
  By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song.—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow,
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Again I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayeth she),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrates galleys warping down;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne:
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main:
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy sea,
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"
Then rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by:
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Down drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith).
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha, Cusha!" all along,

Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;

"Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

—Jean Ingelow.

mel'ick: a kind of grass.—**swan'nerds**: usually spelled *swanherds;* those that tend the swans.—**scorpe**: a bed of shellfish.—**wel'kin**: the sky.—**bairns** (bârns): children.—**eygre** (ē'gẽr): wave.

A EULOGY OF LAFAYETTE

There have doubtless been in all ages men whose discoveries or inventions, in the world of matter or of mind, have opened new avenues to the dominion of man over the material creation; have increased his means or his faculties of enjoyment; have raised him in nearer approximation to that higher and happier condition, the object of his hopes and aspirations in his present state of existence.

Lafayette discovered no new principle of politics or morals. He invented nothing in science. He disclosed no phenomenon in the laws of nature. Born and educated in the highest order of nobility, under the most absolute monarchy of Europe, in possession of an affluent fortune, and master of himself and of all his capabilities at the moment of attaining manhood, the principle of republican justice and of social equality took possession of his heart and mind, as if by inspiration from above. He devoted himself, his life, his fortune, his hereditary honors, his towering ambition, his splendid hopes, all to the cause of liberty. He came to another hemisphere to defend her. He became one of the most effective champions of our Independence; but, that once achieved, he returned to his own country, and thereafterward took no part in the controversies which have divided us. In the events of our Revolution, and in the forms of policy which we have adopted for the establishment and perpetuation of our freedom, Lafayette found the most perfect form of government. He wished to add nothing to it. He

would gladly have abstracted nothing from it. Instead of an imaginary republic he took a practical existing model, in actual operation here, and never attempted or wished more than to apply it faithfully to his own country.

It was not given to Moses to enter the promised land; but he saw it from the summit of Pisgah. It was not given to Lafayette to witness the consummation of his wishes in the establishment of a republic, and the extinction of all hereditary rule in France. His principles were in advance of the age and hemisphere in which he lived. A Bourbon still reigns on the throne of France, and it is not for us to scrutinize the title by which he reigns. The principles of elective and hereditary power, blended in reluctant union in his person, may postpone to aftertime the last conflict to which they must ultimately come. The life of the patriarch was not long enough for the development of his whole political system. Its final accomplishment is a matter of the future.

The anticipation of this event is the more certain, from the consideration that all the principles for which Lafayette contended were practical. He never indulged himself in wild and fanciful speculations. The principle of hereditary power was, in his opinion, the bane of all republican liberty in Europe. Unable to extinguish it in the Revolution of 1830, so far as concerned the chief magistracy of the nation, Lafayette had the satisfaction of seeing it abolished with reference to the peerage. An hereditary Crown, stript of the support which it may derive from an hereditary

peerage, however compatible with Asiatic despotism, is an anomaly in the history of the Christian world and in the theory of free government. There is no argument producible against the existence of an hereditary peerage, but applies with aggravated weight against the transmission from sire to son, of an hereditary Crown. The prejudices and passions of the people of France rejected the principle of inherited power, in every situation of public trust, excepting the first and highest of them all; but there they clung to it, as did the Israelites of old to the deities of Egypt.

This is not the time or the place for a disquisition upon the comparative merits, as a system of government, of a republic, and a monarchy surrounded by republican institutions. Upon this subject there is among us no diversity of opinion; and if it should take the people of France another half century of internal and external war, or dazzling and delusive glories, of unparalleled triumphs, humiliating reverses, and bitter disappointments, to settle it to their satisfaction, the ultimate result can only bring them to the point where we have stood from the day of the Declaration of Independence—to the point where Lafayette would have brought them, and to which he looked as a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Then, too, and then only, will be the time when the character of Lafayette will be appreciated at its true value throughout the civilized world. When the principle of hereditary dominion shall be relinquished in all the institutions of France; when government shall no longer be considered as property transmissible from

sire to son, but as a trust committed for a limited time, and then to return to the people whence it came; as a burdensome duty to be discharged, and not as a reward to be abused; when a claim, any claim, to political power by inheritance shall, in the estimation of the whole French people, be held as it now is by the whole people of the North American Union—then will be the time for contemplating the character of Lafayette, not merely in the events of his life, but in the full development of his intellectual conceptions, of his fervent aspirations, of the labors and perils and sacrifices of his long and eventful career upon earth; and thenceforward, till the hour when the trump of the Archangel shall sound to announce that time shall be no more, the name of Lafayette shall stand enrolled upon the annals of our race, high on the list of the pure and disinterested benefactors of mankind.

—John Quincy Adams.

af'fluent: abundant.—**consumma'tion**: completion, end.—**Bourbon**: (bo͝or'bŭn): a royal family of France.—**bane**: ruin, injury.—**compat'ible**: suitable, in agreement.—**anom'aly**: deviation from the common rule.—**disquisi'tion**: a formal or elaborate essay.

For a nation to love liberty, it is sufficient that she knows it; and to be free, it is sufficient that she wills it.

—Lafayette.

CRUSOE FINDS THE FOOTPRINT

It happened one day about noon, going toward my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther. I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither, I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in, how many wild ideas were found every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder as first contrived, or went in

at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning; for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were, which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear; but I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off from it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil; and reason joined in with me upon this supposition. For how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan

should take human shape upon him in such a place where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too, for he could not be sure I should see it; this was an amusement the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me than this of the single print of a foot. That as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple as to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all the notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil; and I presently concluded then that it must be some more dangerous creature—viz., that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes; and either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had made the island; and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thoughts that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded

that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imagination about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that, if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me; that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope; all that former confidence in God which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness, now vanished, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto could not preserve by His power the provision which He had made for me by His goodness. I reproached myself with my easiness, that would not sow any more corn one year than would just serve me till next season, as if no accident could prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground; and this I thought so just a reproof that I resolved for the future to have two or three years' corn beforehand, so that whatever might come I might not perish for want of bread.

How strange a chequer-work of Providence is the life of man! And by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear. This was exemplified in me at this time in the most lively manner

imaginable; for I—whose only affliction was that I seemed banished from human society, that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I called silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of His creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow—I say that I should now tremble at the very apprehensions of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot on the island.

Such is the uneven state of human life; and it afforded me a great many curious speculations afterward, when I had a little recovered my first surprise: I considered that this was the station of life the infinitely wise and good providence of God had determined for me, that as I could not foresee what the ends of divine wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute His sovereignty, who, as I was His creature, had an undoubted right by creation to govern and dispose of me absolutely as He thought fit; and who, as I was a creature who had offended Him, had likewise a judicial right to condemn me to what punishment He thought fit; and that it was my part to submit to bear His indignation, because I had sinned against Him.

I then reflected that God, who was not only right-

eous but omnipotent, as He had thought fit thus to punish and afflict me, so He was able to deliver me; that if He did not think fit to do it, it was my unquestioned duty to resign myself absolutely and entirely to His will; and on the other hand, it was my duty also to hope in Him, pray to Him, and quietly to attend the dictates and directions of His daily providence.

These thoughts took up many hours, days; nay, I may say, weeks and months; and one particular effect of my cogitations on this occasion I cannot omit—viz., one morning early, lying in my bed, and filled with thought about my danger from the appearance of savages, I found it discomposed me very much, upon which those words of the Scripture came into my thoughts, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

Upon this, rising cheerfully out of my bed, my heart was not only comforted, but I was guided and encouraged to pray earnestly to God for deliverance. When I had done praying, I took up my Bible, and opening it to read, the first words that presented themselves to me were, "Wait on the Lord, and be of good cheer, and He shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on the Lord." It is impossible to express the comfort this gave me. In answer I thankfully laid down the Book, and was no more sad, at least, not on that occasion.

In the middle of the cogitations, apprehensions, and reflections, it came into my thought one day that all this might be a mere chimera of my own; and that this foot might be the print of my own foot when I came on shore from my boat. This cheered me up a little

too, and I began to persuade myself it was all a delusion; that it was nothing else but my own foot, and why might not I come that way from the boat, as well as I was going that way to the boat? Again, I considered also that I could by no means tell for certain where I had trod, and where I had not; and that if at last this was only the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who strive to make stories of specters and apparitions, and then are frighted at them more than anybody else.

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights; so that I began to starve for provisions; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley cakes and water. Then I knew that my goats wanted to be milked too, which usually was my evening diversion. Heartening myself therefore with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet, and so I might be truly said to start at my own shadow, I began to go abroad again, and went to my country house, to milk my flock; but to see with what fear I went forward, how often I looked behind me, how I was ready every now and then to lay down my basket and run for my life; it would have made any one have thought I was haunted with an evil conscience, or that I had been lately most terribly frighted, and so indeed I had.

However, as I went down thus two or three days, and having seen nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination. But I could not persuade myself fully

of this till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot and measure it by my own, and see if there was any similitude of fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot. But when I came to the place, *first,* it appeared evidently to me, that when I laid up my boat I could not possibly be on shore anywhere thereabout; *secondly,* when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot was not so large by a great deal. Both these things filled my head with new imaginations, and gave me the vapors again to the highest degree; so that I shook with cold, like one in an ague. And I went home again filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware; and what course to take for my security I knew not.

Oh, what ridiculous resolutions men take when possessed with fear! It deprives them of the use of those means which reason offers for their relief. The first thing I proposed to myself was to throw down my enclosures, and turn all my tame cattle wild into the woods, that the enemy might not find them; and then frequent the island in prospect of the same, or the like booty. Then to the simple thing of digging up my two corn-fields, that they might not find such a grain there, and still be prompted to frequent the island; then to demolish my bower, and tent, that they might not see any vestiges of habitation and be prompted to look farther in order to find out the persons inhabiting.

These were the subjects of the first night's cogita-

tion after I was come home again, while the apprehensions which had so overrun my mind were fresh upon me, and my head was full of vapors, as above. Thus, fear of danger is ten thousand times more terrifying than danger itself when apparent to the eyes; and we find the burden of anxiety greater by much than the evil which we are anxious about; and which was worse than all this, I had not that relief in this trouble from the resignation I used to practise, that I hoped to have. I looked, I thought, like Saul, who complained not only that the Philistines were upon him, but that God had forsaken him; for I did not now take due ways to compose my mind by crying to God in my distress, and resting upon His providence, as I had done before, for my defence and deliverance; which if I had done I had, at least, been more cheerfully supported under this new surprise, and perhaps carried through it with more resolution.

This confusion of my thoughts kept me waking all night, but in the morning I fell asleep, and having by the amusement of my mind been, as it were, tired, and my spirits exhausted, I slept very soundly and waked much better composed than I had ever been before; and now I began to think sedately; and upon the utmost debate with myself, I concluded that this island, which was so exceedingly pleasant, fruitful, and no farther from the mainland than I had seen, was not so entirely abandoned as I might imagine; that although there were no stated inhabitants who lived on the spot, yet that there might sometimes come boats off from the shore, who, either with design, or perhaps

never but when they were driven by cross winds, might come to this place.

That I had lived here fifteen years now, and had not met with the least shadow or figure of any people yet, and that if at any time they should be driven here, it was probable they went again as soon as ever they could, seeing they had never thought fit to fix there upon any occasion to this time.

That the most I could suggest any danger from was from any such casual accidental landing of straggling people from the main, who, as it was likely if they were driven hither, were here against their wills; so they made no stay here, but went off again with all possible speed, seldom staying one night on shore, lest they should not have the help of the tides and daylight back again; and that, therefore, I had nothing to do but to consider of some safe retreat in case I should see any savages land upon the spot.

Now I began sorely to repent that I had dug my cave so large as to bring a door through again, which door, as I said, came out beyond where my fortification joined to the rock; upon maturely considering this, therefore, I resolved to draw me a second fortification, in the same manner of a semicircle, at a distance from my wall, just where I had planted a double row of trees, about twelve years before, of which I made mention; these trees having been planted so thick before, they wanted but a few piles to be driven between them that they should be thicker, and stronger, and my wall would be soon finished.

So that I had now a double wall, and my outer wall

was thickened with pieces of timber, old cables, and everything I could think of to make it strong, having in it seven little holes about as big as I might put my arm out at. In the inside of this I thickened my wall to above ten feet thick with continual bringing earth out of my cave, and laying it at the foot of the wall and walking upon it; and through the seven holes I contrived to plant the muskets, of which I took notice that I got seven on shore out of the ship; these, I say, I planted like my cannon, and fitted them into frames that held them like a carriage, that so I could fire all the seven guns in two minutes' time. This wall I was many a weary month a-finishing, and yet never thought myself safe till it was done.

When this was done I stuck all the ground without my wall, for a great way, every way, as full with stakes or sticks of the willowlike wood, which I found so apt to grow, as they could well stand; insomuch that I believe I might have set in near twenty thousand of them, leaving a pretty large space between them and my wall, that I might have room to see an enemy, and they might have no shelter from the young trees, if they attempted to approach my outer wall.

Thus in two years' time I had a thick grove, and in five or six years' time I had a wood before my dwelling, growing so monstrous thick and strong that it was indeed perfectly impassable; and no men of what kind soever would ever imagine that there was anything beyond it, much less a habitation. As for the way which I proposed to myself to go in and out, for I left no avenue, it was by setting two ladders; one to a part

of the rock which was low, and then broke in, and left room to place another ladder upon that; so when the two ladders were taken down no man living could come down to me without mischieving himself; and if they had come down, they were still on the outside of my outer wall.

Thus I took all the measures human prudence could suggest for my own preservation; and it will be seen at length that they were not altogether without just reason; though I foresaw nothing at that time more than my mere fear suggested to me.

While this was doing I was not altogether careless of my other affairs; for I had a great concern upon me, for my little herd of goats; they were not only a present supply to me upon every occasion, and began to be sufficient to me, without the expense of powder and shot, but also without the fatigue of hunting after the wild ones; and I was loath to lose the advantage of them and to have all to nurse up over again.

To this purpose, after long consideration, I could think of but two ways to preserve them; one was to find another convenient place to dig a cave under ground, and to drive them into it every night; and the other was to enclose two or three little bits of land, remote from one another and as much concealed as I could, where I might keep about half a dozen young goats in each place. So that if any disaster happened to the flock in general, I might be able to raise them again with little trouble and time. And this, though it would require a great deal of time and labor, I thought was the most rational design.

Accordingly I spent some time to find out the most retired parts of the island; and I pitched upon one which was as private indeed as my heart could wish for; it was a little damp piece of ground in the middle of the hollow and thick woods, where, as is observed, I almost lost myself once before, endeavoring to come back that way from the eastern part of the island. Here I found a clear piece of land near three acres, so surrounded with woods that it was almost an enclosure by nature, at least it did not want near so much labor to make it so as the other pieces of ground I had worked at so hard.

I immediately went to work with this piece of ground, and in less than a month's time I had so fenced it around that my flock or herd, call it which you please, who were not so wild now as at first they might be supposed to be, were well enough secured in it; and when they were there I continued to perfect the fence till I had made it as secure as the other, which, however, I did at more leisure, and it took me more time by a great deal.

All this labor I was at the expense of purely from my apprehensions on the account of the print of a man's foot which I had seen.

—Daniel Defoe.

subtlety (sŭt'l-tў): craftiness, artfulness.—**circumscribed**: surrounded, hemmed in.—**omnip'otent**: having unlimited power.—**cogita'tions**: thoughts, meditations.—**chimera** (kĭ-mē'rà): foolish fancies.—**vapors**: in this case, a fit of melancholy.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

This poem commemorates an event in the Crimean War which Turkey, France, Sardinia, and Great Britain waged against Russia. Of the 670 men who entered this charge of Balaklava, only about half survived.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death,
    Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
    Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
    Some one had blundered;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;—
Into the valley of Death
    Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
    Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed till the sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the saber-stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred!

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

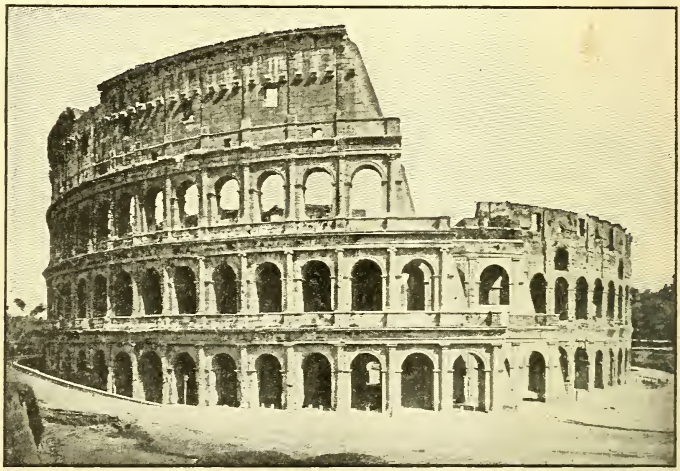
Cossack: a member of the celebrated Russian cavalry.

THE COLISEUM

When we came out of the church again (we stood nearly an hour staring up into the dome: and would not have "gone over" the Cathedral then for any money), we said to the coachman, "Go to the Coliseum." In a quarter of an hour or so, he stopped at the gate, and we went in.

It is no fiction but plain, sober, honest truth, to say: so suggestive and distinct is it at this hour, that, for a moment—actually in passing in—they who will, may have the whole great pile before them, as it used to be, with thousands of eager faces staring down into the arena, and such a whirl of strife, and blood, and dust, going on there, as no language can describe. Its solitude, its awful beauty, and its utter desolation, strike upon the stranger, the next moment, like a softened sorrow; and never in his life, perhaps, will he be so moved and overcome by any sight, not immediately connected with its own affections and afflictions.

To see it crumbling there, an inch a year; its walls and arches overgrown with green; its corridors open to the day; the long grass growing in its porches; young trees of yesterday, springing up on its ragged



Ruins of the Coliseum.

parapets, and bearing fruit: chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds, who build their nests within its chinks and crannies; to see the Pit of Fight filled up with earth, and the peaceful Cross planted in the center; to climb into its upper halls, and look down on ruin, ruin, ruin, all about it; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimus Severus, and Titus; the Roman Forum; the Palace of the Caesars; the temples of the old religion, fallen down and gone; is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked, wonderful, old city, haunting the very ground on which its people trod. It is the

most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic, mournful sight, conceivable. Never, in its bloodiest prime, can the sight of the gigantic Coliseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart, as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin—God be thanked: a ruin.

As it tops the other ruins: standing there, a mountain among graves: so do its ancient influences outlive all other remnants of the old mythology and old butchery of Rome, in the nature of fierce and cruel Roman people. The Italian face changes as the visitor approaches the city; its beauty becomes devilish; and there is scarcely one countenance in a hundred, among the common people in the streets, that would not be at home and happy in a renovated Coliseum to-morrow.

Here was Rome indeed at last; and such a Rome as no one can imagine in its full and awful grandeur.

—Charles Dickens.

Colise'um: a huge Roman amphitheater built in 72 A. D., and for 400 years the scene of gladiatorial combats. It is now a very impressive ruin.—**Con'stantine, Sep'timus Seve'rus, Ti'tus**: names of powerful old Roman emperors.—**Fo'rum**: the market place in ancient Rome. Here law cases were tried and orations delivered to the people.—**Caesars** (cē'zärs): Caesar was a title assumed by later Roman emperors.—**ren'ovated**: made over.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world."

—*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

CHARLES SURFACE SELLS HIS ANCESTORS

The following selection is taken from a play, "The School for Scandal," written by a famous English playwright, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who lived 1751–1816. One of the characters, Charles Surface, is an extravagant but not wicked young man who has great trouble to keep out of debt. The man, Moses, of whom he usually borrows money upon good security has brought a man whom he introduces as another moneylender, Mr. Premium. But Mr. Premium is really Charles' Uncle Oliver, who has just returned from India. Others of his relatives have tried to prejudice him against Charles and he has resolved to find out for himself, under disguise, what manner of man Charles really is.

Part I

Enter Charles Surface.

Charles. So, honest Moses; good-morning, Mr. Premium—that's the gentleman's name, isn't it, Moses?

Moses. Yes, sir.

Charles. Set chairs, Trip.—Sit down, Mr. Premium.—Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants to borrow money; you, I take to be a prudent old fellow who have got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent, sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred if you can get it. Now, sir, you see we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

Sir Oliver. Exceeding frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

Charles. Oh, no, sir! plain dealing in business I always think best.

Sir Oliver. Sir, I like you the better for it. However, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend; but then he's an unconscionable dog. Isn't he, Moses? And must sell stock to accommodate you. Mustn't he, Moses?

Moses. Yes, indeed! You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie.

Charles. Right. People that speak the truth generally do. But these are trifles, Mr. Premium. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for it!

Sir Oliver. Well, but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

Charles. Not a molehill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window!

Sir Oliver. Nor any stock, I presume?

Charles. Nothing but live stock—and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, Mr. Premium, are you acquainted at all with any of my connections?

Sir Oliver. Why, to say truth, I am.

Charles. Then you must know that I have a very rich uncle in the East Indies, Sir Oliver Surface, from whom I have the greatest expectations?

Sir Oliver. That you have a wealthy uncle, I have heard; but how your expectations will turn out is more, I believe, than you can tell.

Charles. Oh, no!—there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favorite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

Sir Oliver. Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

CHARLES. Yes, yes, 'tis just so. Moses knows 'tis true; don't you, Moses?

MOSES. Oh, yes; I'll swear to 't.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) Egad! they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal.

CHARLES. Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it's agreeable to you, a *post-obit* on Sir Oliver's life; though at the same time the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be very sorry indeed to hear that anything had happened to him.

SIR OLIVER. Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me—for I might live to a hundred and never see the principal.

CHARLES. Oh, yes, you would! the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

SIR OLIVER. Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

CHARLES. What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver has too good a life?

SIR OLIVER. No, indeed I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

CHARLES. There again, now, you are misinformed. No, no, the climate has hurt him considerably, poor Uncle Oliver. Yes, yes, he breaks apace, I'm told—and is so much altered lately that his nearest relations would not know him.

SIR OLIVER. No! Ha! ha! ha! so much altered

lately that his nearest relations would not know him! Ha! ha! ha! egad—ha! ha! ha!

CHARLES. Ha! ha—you're glad to hear that, little Premium?

SIR OLIVER. No, no, I'm not.

CHARLES. Yes, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha!—you know that mends your chance.

SIR OLIVER. But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over; nay, some say he is actually arrived.

CHARLES. Psha! sure I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no, rely on 't he's at this moment at Calcutta. Isn't he, Moses?

MOSES. Oh, yes, certainly.

SIR OLIVER. Very true, as you say, you must know better than I, though I have it from pretty good authority. Haven't I, Moses?

MOSES. Yes, most undoubted!

SIR OLIVER. But, sir, as I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?

CHARLES. How do you mean?

SIR OLIVER. For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of massy old plate.

CHARLES. O Lud! that's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) Good lack! all the family race-cups and corporation bowls!—(*Aloud.*) Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and compact.

CHARLES. Yes, yes, so it was—vastly too much so

for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) Mercy upon me! learning that had run in the family like an heirloom!—(*Aloud.*) Pray, what is become of the books?

CHARLES. You must inquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

MOSES. I know nothing of books.

SIR OLIVER. So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

CHARLES. Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to take the family pictures. I have got a room full of ancestors above; and if you have a taste for old paintings, egad, you shall have 'em at a bargain!

SIR OLIVER. Hey! what! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

CHARLES. Every man of them, to the best bidder.

SIR OLIVER. What! your great-uncles and aunts?

CHARLES. Ay, and my great-grandfathers and grandmothers too.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) Now I give him up!—(*Aloud.*) What the plague, have you no feeling for your own kindred? Do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

CHARLES. Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care, if you have your money's worth?

SIR OLIVER. Well, I'll be the purchaser: I think I

can dispose of the family canvas.—(*Aside.*) Oh, I'll never forgive him this! never!

Re-enter CARELESS.

CARELESS. Come, Charles, what keeps you?

CHARLES. I can't come yet. I'faith, we are going to have a sale above stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors!

CARELESS. Oh, burn your ancestors!

CHARLES. No, he may do that afterwards, if he pleases. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad, you shall be auctioneer—so come along with us.

CARELESS. Oh, have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box! Going! going!

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) Oh, the profligates!

CHARLES. Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. What, little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

SIR OLIVER. Oh, yes, I do, vastly! Ha! ha! ha! yes, yes, I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction—ha! ha!—(*Aside.*) Oh, the prodigal!

CHARLES. To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance, if he can't make free with his own relations? (*Exeunt.*

SIR OLIVER. I'll never forgive him; never! never!

unconscionable (ŭn-kŏn'shŭn-â-b'l): unreasonable, extravagant.—**post-obit**: a bond in which one, in return for a certain amount of money, promises to pay a larger sum upon the death of some one from whom he has expectations.—**prof'ligates**: wicked persons.

CHARLES SURFACE SELLS HIS ANCESTORS

Part II

Scene: A Picture Room in Charles Surface's House. *Enter* Charles Surface, Sir Oliver Surface, Moses, and Careless.

Charles. Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in;—here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliver. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

Charles. Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting; no grace or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness—all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

Sir Oliver. Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

Careless. Ah, ay, this will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

CHARLES. Egad, that's true. What parchment have we here? Oh, our genealogy in full. (*Taking pedigree down.*) Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany, here's the family tree for you, you rogue! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) What an unnatural rogue!

CARELESS. Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation indeed;—faith, Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin—A-going, a-going, a-going!

CHARLES. Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great-uncle, Sir Richard Raveline, a marvelous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him—there's a hero! not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside to Moses.*) Bid him speak.

MOSES. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

CHARLES. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) Heaven deliver me! his famous Uncle Richard for ten pounds!—(*Aloud.*) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

CHARLES. Careless, knock down my Uncle Richard —Here now, is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt

Deborah, done by Kneller, in his best manner, and esteemed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten—the sheep are worth the money.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself!—(*Aloud.*) Five pounds ten—she's mine.

CHARLES. Knock down my Aunt Deborah! Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs.—You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs, and the ladies their own hair.

SIR OLIVER. Yes, truly, head-dresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

CHARLES. Well, take that couple for the same.

MOSES. 'Tis a good bargain.

CHARLES. Careless—This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit.—What do you rate him at, Moses?

MOSES. Four guineas.

CHARLES. Four guineas! You don't bid me the price of his wig.—Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; bid me fifteen for his lordship.

SIR OLIVER. By all means.

CHARLES. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and, what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

SIR OLIVER. That is very extraordinary! I'll take them at your own price, for the honor of parliament.

CARELESS. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

CHARLES. Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

SIR OLIVER. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

CHARLES. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

SIR OLIVER. They're mine.

CHARLES. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on't! we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

CARELESS. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

SIR OLIVER. Well, well, anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one important portrait which you have always passed over.

CARELESS. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

SIR OLIVER. Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

CHARLES. What, that? Oh, that's my Uncle Oliver! 'twas done before he went to India.

CARELESS. Your Uncle Oliver! Gad! then you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

SIR OLIVER. Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it is as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or

alive. But I suppose Uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

CHARLES. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad, I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) The rogue's my nephew after all!—(*Aloud.*) But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

CHARLES. I'm sorry for 't, you certainly will not have it. Oons! haven't you got enough of them?

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) I forgive him everything!—(*Aloud.*) But, sir, when I take a whim in my head, I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

CHARLES. Don't tease me, Master Broker; I'll tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

SIR OLIVER. (*Aside.*) How like his father the dog is!—(*Aloud.*) Well, well, I have done.—(*Aside.*) I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance.—(*Aloud.*) Here is a draft for your sum.

CHARLES. Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds!

SIR OLIVER. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

CHARLES. Zounds! no! I tell you once more.

SIR OLIVER. Then never mind the difference, we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free.—Come, Moses.

CHARLES. Egad, this is a whimsical old fellow!—But hark'ee, Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir Oliver. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance, for, I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliver. I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

Charles. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver. You're fixed on that?

Charles. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver. (*Aside.*) A dear extravagant rogue! —(*Aloud.*) Good-day—Come, Moses.—(*Aside.*) Let me hear now who dares call him profligate!

Careless. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with!

Charles. Egad, he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. 'Fore Heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for!—Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant. (*Bows ceremoniously to the pictures.*)

—Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Raphael (rā-'fā-ĕl): a celebrated Italian painter who lived 1483-1520. —**invet'erate**: habitual, obstinate.—**geneal'ogy**: an account of the descent of a person or family from an ancestor. It is often diagrammed in the form of a tree, hence *family tree.*—**Malplaquet**: mäl-plä-kā'.—**circuit**: a division of the country established by law for judges to visit to administer justice.—**woolsack**: the seat of the Lord Chancellor of England in the House of Lords, a large, square sack of wool.—**guineas**: a former English gold coin, worth twenty-one shillings. A pound is worth only twenty shillings.—**na'bob**: one who returns from the East with great riches.

THE BOYS

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! white if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,—
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:—
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge";
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker,"—the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name?—don't make me laugh.

That boy with the gray mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true!
So they chose him right in; a good joke it was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing?—You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen,—
And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dew of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, the Boys!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A BATTLE WITH A CANNON

All the gunners came running up, beside themselves with terror.

A frightful thing had just happened.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pound cannon, had become loose.

This is perhaps the most dreadful thing that can take place at sea. Nothing more terrible can happen to a man-of-war under full sail.

A cannon that breaks loose from its fastenings is suddenly transformed into a supernatural beast. It is a monster developed from a machine. This mass runs along on its wheels as easily as a billiard ball; it rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching, comes and goes, stops, seems to meditate, begins anew, darts like an arrow from one end of the ship to the other, whirls around, turns aside, evades, rears, hits out, crushes, kills, exterminates.

It is a ram battering a wall at its own pleasure. Moreover, the battering-ram is iron, the wall is wood. It is matter set free; one might say that this eternal slave is wreaking its vengeance; it would seem as though the evil in what we call inanimate objects had found vent and suddenly burst forth; it has the air of having lost its patience, and of taking a mysterious, dull revenge; nothing is so inexorable as the rage of the inanimate. The mad mass leaps like a panther; it has the weight of an elephant, the agility of a mouse, the obstinacy of the ox; it takes one by surprise, like the surge of the sea; it flashes like lightning; it is deaf

as the tomb; it weighs ten thousand pounds, and it bounds like a child's ball; it whirls as it advances, and the circles it describes are intersected by right angles. And what help is there? How can it be overcome?

A calm succeeds the tempest, a cyclone passes over, a wind dies away, we replace the broken mass, we check the leak, we extinguish the fire; but what is to be done with the enormous bronze beast? How can it be subdued? You can reason with a mastiff, take a bull by surprise, fascinate a snake, frighten a tiger, mollify a lion; but there is no resource with the monster known as a loosened gun. You cannot kill it,—it is already dead, and yet it lives. It breathes a sinister life bestowed on it by the Infinite. The plank beneath sways it to and fro; it is moved by the ship; the sea lifts the ship, and the wind keeps the sea in motion. This destroyer is a toy. Its terrible vitality is fed by the ship, the waves, and the wind, each lending its aid.

What is to be done with this complication? How fetter this monstrous mechanism of shipwreck? How foresee its comings and goings, its recoils, its halts, its shocks? Any one of those blows may stave in the side of the vessel. How can one guard against these terrible gyrations? One has to do with a projectile that reflects, that has ideas, and changes its direction at any moment. How can one arrest an object in its course, whose onslaught must be avoided? The dreadful cannon rushes about, advances, recedes, strikes to right and to left, flies here and there, baffles their at-

tempts to capture, sweeps away obstacles, crushing men like flies.

The extreme danger of the situation comes from the unsteadiness of the deck. How is one to cope with the caprices of an inclined plane? The ship had within its depths, so to speak, imprisoned lightning struggling for escape; something like the rumbling of thunder during an earthquake. In an instant the crew was on its feet. It was the chief gunner's fault, who had neglected to fasten the screw nut of the breeching chain, and had not thoroughly chocked the four trucks of the carronade, which allowed play to the frame and bottom of the gun carriage, thereby disarranging the two platforms and parting the breeching. The lashings were broken, so that the gun was no longer firm on its carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents the recoil was not in use at that time. As a wave struck the ship's side the cannon, insufficiently secured, had receded, and having broken its chain, began to wander threateningly over the deck. In order to get an idea of this strange sliding, fancy a drop of water sliding down a pane of glass.

When the fastening broke, the gunners were in the battery, singly and in groups, clearing the ship for action. The carronade, thrown forward by the pitching, dashed into a group of men, killing four at the first blow; then, hurled back by the rolling, it cut in two an unfortunate fifth man, and struck and dismounted one of the guns of the larboard battery. Hence the cry of distress which had been heard. All the men rushed to the ladder.

The monstrous gun was left to itself. It was its own mistress, and mistress of the ship. It could do with it whatsoever it wished. This crew, accustomed to laugh in battle, now trembled. It would be impossible to describe their terror.

Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant la Vieuville, brave men though they were, paused at the top of the ladder, silent, pale, and undecided, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow, and descended. It was their passenger, the peasant, —the man about whom they were talking a moment ago.

Having reached the bottom of the ladder he halted.

The cannon was rolling to and fro on the deck. A dim wavering of lights and shadows was added to this spectacle by the marine lantern, swinging under the deck. The outlines of the cannon were indistinguishable, by reason of the rapidity of its motion; sometimes it looked black when the light shone upon it, then again it would cast pale, glimmering reflections in the darkness.

It was still pursuing its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and made two breaches in the ship's side, fortunately above the waterline, but which would leak in case of rough weather. It rushed frantically against the timbers; the stout riders resisted—curved timbers have great strength; but one could hear them crack under this tremendous assault brought to bear simultaneously on every side, with a certain omnipresence truly appalling.

A bullet shaken in a bottle could not produce

sharper or more rapid sounds. The four wheels were passing and repassing over the dead bodies, cutting and tearing them to pieces, and the five corpses had become five trunks rolling hither and thither; the heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood flowed over the deck, following the motion of the ship. The ceiling, damaged in several places, had begun to give way. The whole ship was filled with a dreadful tumult.

The captain, who had rapidly recovered his self-possession, had given orders to throw down the hatchway all that could abate the rage and check the mad onslaught of this infuriated gun; mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, the bags of the crew.

But what availed these rags? No one dared to go down to arrange them, and in a few moments they were reduced to lint.

There was just sea enough to render this accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been welcome. It might have upset the cannon, and with its four wheels once in the air, it could easily have been mastered. Meanwhile the havoc increased. There were even incisions and fractures in the masts, that stood like pillars grounded firmly in the keel, and piercing the several decks of the vessel. The mizzen-mast was split, and even the mainmast was damaged by the convulsive blows of the cannon. The destruction of the battery still went on. Ten out of the thirty pieces were useless. The fractures in the side increased, and the ship began to leak.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun deck, looked like one carved in stone as he stood mo-

tionless at the foot of the stairs and glanced sternly over the devastation. It would have been impossible to move a step upon the deck.

Each bound of the liberated carronade seemed to threaten the destruction of the ship. But a few moments longer, and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must either overcome this calamity or perish; some decisive action must be taken. But what?

What a combatant was this carronade!

Here was this mad creature to be arrested, this flash of lightning to be seized, this thunderbolt to be crushed. Boisberthelot said to Vieuville,—

"Do you believe in God, Chevalier?"

"Yes and no—sometimes I do!" replied La Vieuville.

"In a tempest?"

"Yes, and in moments like these."

"Truly God alone can save us," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent, leaving the carronade to its horrible uproar.

The waves beating the ship from without answered the blows of the cannon within, very much like a couple of hammers striking in turn.

Suddenly in the midst of this inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon was tossing from side to side, a man appeared, grasping an iron bar. It was the author of the catastrophe, the chief gunner, whose criminal negligence had caused the accident,—the captain of the gun. Having brought about the evil, his intention was to repair it. Holding a handspike in one hand, and in the other a tiller rope with the slip-noose

in it, he had jumped through the hatchway to the deck below.

Then began a terrible struggle; a fearful spectacle; a combat between cannon and cannoneer; a contest between mind and matter; a duel between man and the inanimate. The man stood in one corner in an attitude of expectancy, leaning on the rider and holding in his hands the bar and the rope; calm, livid, and tragic, he stood firmly on his legs, that were like two pillars of steel.

He was waiting for the cannon to approach him.

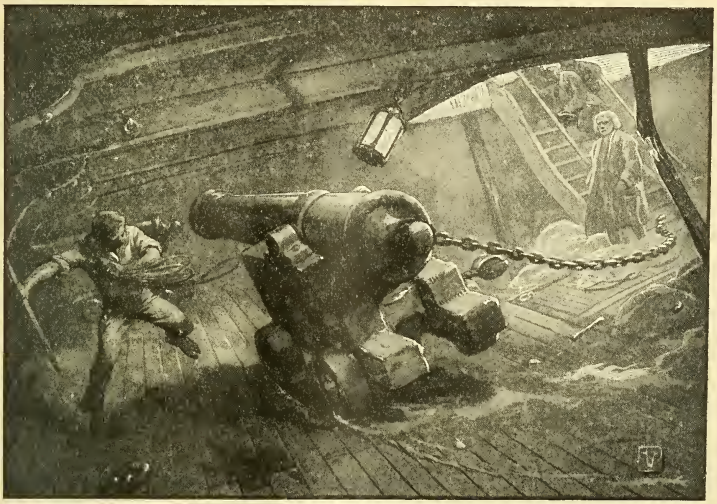
The gunner knew his piece, and he felt as though it must know him. They had lived together a long time. How often had he put his hand in its mouth! It was his domestic monster. He began to talk to it as he would to a dog. "Come," said he. Possibly he loved it.

He seemed to wish for its coming, and yet its approach meant sure destruction for him. How to avoid being crushed was the question. All looked on in terror.

Not a breath was drawn freely, except perhaps by the old man, who remained on the gun deck gazing sternly on the two combatants.

He himself was in danger of being crushed by the piece; still he did not move.

Beneath them the blind sea had command of the battle. When, in the act of accepting this awful hand-to-hand struggle, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, it happened that the surging sea held the gun motionless for an instant, as though



stupefied. "Come on!" said the man. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it leaped towards him. The man dodged. Then the struggle began,—a contest unheard of; the fragile wrestling with the invulnerable; the human warrior attacking the brazen beast; blind force on the one side, soul on the other.

All this was in the shadow. It was like an indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul!—strangely enough it seemed as if a soul existed within the cannon, but one consumed with hate and rage. The blind thing seemed to have eyes. It appeared as though the monster were watching the man. There was, or at least one might have supposed it, cunning in this mass. It also chose its opportunity. It was as though a gigantic insect of iron was endowed

with the will of a demon. Now and then this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun deck, then falling back on its four wheels, like a tiger on all fours, rush upon the man. He—supple, agile, adroit—writhed like a serpent before these lightning movements. He avoided encounters; but the blows from which he escaped fell with destructive force upon the vessel. A piece of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This bit of chain had twisted in some incomprehensible way around the breech button.

One end of the chain was fastened to the gun carriage; the other end thrashed wildly around, aggravating the danger with every bound of the cannon. The screw held it as in a clenched hand, and this chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by those of the thong, made a terrible whirlwind around the gun, —a lash of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the combat.

Despite all this, the man fought. He even attacked the cannon at times, crawling along by the side of the ship and clutching his handspike and the rope; the cannon seemed to understand his movements, and fled as though suspecting a trap. The man, nothing daunted, pursued his chase.

Such a struggle must necessarily be brief. Suddenly the cannon seemed to say to itself, Now, then, there must be an end to this. And it stopped. A crisis was felt to be at hand. The cannon, as if in suspense, seemed to meditate, or—for to all intents and purposes it was a living creature—it really did meditate, some furious design. All at once it rushed on the gunner,

who sprang aside with a laugh, crying out, "Try it again!" as the cannon passed him. The gun in its fury smashed one of the larboard carronades; then, by the invisible sling in which it seemed to be held, it was thrown to the starboard, towards the man, who escaped. Three carronades were crushed by its onslaught; then, as though blind and beside itself, it turned from the man, and rolled from stern to stem, splintering the latter, and causing a breach in the walls of the prow. The gunner took refuge at the foot of the ladder, a short distance from the old man, who stood watching. He held his handspike in readiness. The cannon seemed aware of it, and without taking the trouble to turn, it rushed backward on the man, as swift as the blow of an axe. The gunner, if driven up against the side of the ship, would be lost.

One cry arose from the crew.

The old passenger—who until this moment had stood motionless—sprang forward more swiftly than all those mad whirls. He had seized a bale, and at the risk of being crushed succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the carronade. This decisive and perilous maneuver could not have been executed with more precision and adroitness by an adept in all the exercises given in the "Manual of Naval Gunnery."

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble may block a log; a branch sometimes changes the course of an avalanche. The carronade stumbled, and the gunner, availing himself of the perilous opportunity, thrust his iron bar between the spokes of the back wheels. Pitching forward, the cannon stopped; and

the man, using his bar for a lever, rocked it backward and forward. The heavy mass upset, with the resonant sound of a bell that crashes in its fall. The man, reeking with perspiration, threw himself upon it, and passed the slip-noose of the tiller rope around the neck of the defeated monster.

The combat was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had overcome the mastodon; the pygmy had imprisoned the thunderbolt.

—Victor Hugo.

carronade: a kind of short cannon fastened to its carriage by a bolt passing through a loop on its under side.—**inan'imate**: not having life.—**exterminates**: destroys utterly.—**vitality**: animation.—**gyra'tions**: whirlings.—**onslaught** (ŏn'slạt): a furious attack.—**breeching chain**: a chain fastened to the breech of a cannon and secured by ringbolts in the ship's side. It limits the recoil of the cannon.—**chocked**: wedged or blocked.—**Boisberthelot**: bwä-bĕrt-lō'.—**La Vieuville**: lä vyē-vēl'.—**omnipres'ence**: presence in all places at the same time.

RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.

Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

—Rudyard Kipling.

shard: shell.

VOCABULARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

The following guide to pronunciation is based upon that given in Webster's International Dictionary. Silent letters are shown by italics.

ā as in lāte	ĕ as in ĕnd	ô as in lôrd	ȳ as in flȳ
ā̇ " " delicā̇te	ẽ " " fẽrn	ŏ " " nŏt	y̆ " " city̆
â " " câre	ēē " " fēēt	o̤ " " mo̤ve	
ă " " făt		ōō " " fōōd	oi " " toil
ä " " fär	ī " " tīme	o͝o " " fo͝ot	oy " " boy
ȧ " " ȧsk	ī̇ " " ī̇dea		ou " " out
a̤ " " fa̤ll	ĭ " " pĭn	ū " " ūse	
ạ " " whạt	ĩ " " sĩr	ū̇ " " ū̇nite	
	ï " " machïne	ṳ " " rṳde	
ē " " ēve		ụ " " fụll	
ē̇ " " ē̇vent	ō " " tōld	ŭ " " cŭp	
ê " " thêre	ō̇ " " ō̇bey	û " " tûrn	

c	as in can	N, the "French" n, representing simply the nasal tone of the preceding vowel.		th	as in thing
ç	" " çent			t̄h	" " t̄hen
ch	" " chair			wh (=hw)	" " when
ꞓh	" " ꞓhorus			x	" " vex
g	" " go	ph	as in Philadelphia	x̱ (= gz)	" " ex̱act
ġ (= j)	" " aġe	s	" " sing	tion = shun	
n̲ (= ng)	as in in̲k	s̱	" " has̱	s̱ion = zhun	
				sion = shun	

The words in the following list include all the more difficult words in the lessons of this book, excepting those which may have been listed in the preceding books of the series.

ȧ bŭt′ m*e*nts	ăg grĕs′ sor	ăp pē*a*s̱′ ĭng
ȧ bȳss′	(ẽ)	ăp prā*i*s̱′ ẽr
ăd ȧ măn′ tĭn*e*	āl*e*′ wīv*e*s̱	ăp prŏx′ ĭ mā̇t*e*
ăd jā′ ç*e*nt	ăn chō′ vĭ*e*s̱	är′ bĭ tẽr
ăd′ vẽr sā̇ rȳ	ȧ nŏm′ ȧ lȳ	är′ găn̲d
ăf′ flū̇ *e*nç*e*	ăp pa̤l*l*′ ĭng	ȧ rĭs′ tō̇ crăt

Är mā′ dä
är tĭl′ lĕr y̆
ăs çĕr tā*i*ned′
ăs′ phălt
a*u*′ dĭ b′l*e*
a*u*s′ pĭ çĕş
ăv′ å lănch*e*
Å zōreş′

Băc′ chŭs
Bä lu chĭs tăn′
(o͞o)
bär′ bĭ căn
bå zä*a*r′
Bĕd ou ĭn′
(oo)
bė̆ g*u*ĭled′
Brĭ ā′ rē ŭs
bŭc cå nēerş′
Bū cĕph′ å lŭs
bu͟l′ warks
(ŭ)
bŭx′ om
(ŭ)

Cā′ dĭz
cå lăm′ ĭ tĭeş
căl cā′ rė̆ o*u*s
căn′ ŏ pў
cå prĭ′ cious
(shŭs)
căr ron ādeş′
(ŭ)
casques
(kåsks)
cas′ sia
(kăsh′ à)
cå tăs′ trŏ phė̆
Cå thā*y*′
çė̆ lĕs′ tial
(ch*a*l)
chăl′ ĭç*e*
ehā′ ŏs
Ehā′ rŏn
ehĭ mē′ rå
Ehī′ ŏs
ehrŏ nŏm′ ė̆ tĕr
çĭr′ cu*i*t
çĭr cŭm scrībed′
cŏġ í tā′ tions
cō′ hôrts
coin′ å*g*e
Cŏl ĭ sē′ ŭm
cŏl ŏn nād*e*′
cŏ lŏs′ s*a*l
cŏm′ băt *a*nt
cŏm păt′ ĭ b′l*e*.
cŏn çē*i*ved′
cŏn dė̆ scĕn′ sion
cŏn flå grā′ tion
cŏn ġē*a*led′
cŏn ġēn′ ial
(y*a*l)
cŏn jĕc′ tūreş
cŏn sŭm mā′ tion
cŏn tôr′ tion
cŏn trīv′ *a*nçe
cŏn′ trŏ vĕr sĭeş
cŏn vey′ *a*nçe
(vā)
côr nŭ cō′ pĭ åş
cŏr′ vīn*e*
cov′ ė̆ nănt
(ŭ)
crĕs çĕn′ dŏ
crў̆pt

dächs′ hu͟nd
(t)
Dăn′ å ŭs
dĕ*a*rth
Dĕb′ ŏ rä*h*
dė̆ çī′ sĭv*e*
dė̆ fĭ′ cient
(shent)
dė̆ mŏl′ ĭshed
dĕp′ rė̆ cå tŏ rў̆
dė̆ rīv′ å b′l*e*
Dĕş dė̆ mō′ nä
dĕv′ *a*s tā tĕd
dī å bŏl′ ĭ c*a*l
dī ăg′ ŏ n*a*l
dĭrġ*e*
dĭs qui şĭ′ tion
(kwĭ)
dĭs sĭ pā′ tion
dĭ vĕr′ sĭ tў̆
dōġ*e*
Dŏn Quĭx′ ŏt*e*
(kw)

ė̆ bŭl′ lience
(yens)
ĕc çĕn trĭç′ ĭ tĭeş
ĕc stăt′ ĭc
ĕd′ ĭ fĭç ĕş
ĕf′ fĭ cå çў̆
en côred′
(ăx)
ĕn cŭm′ bĕred
ĕn ġĕn′ dĕr
ĕp′ ĭ thĕts
ĕp′ ŏeh
*E*ū rў̆d′ ĭ çē
ĕx pē′ dĭ ent

ĕx tĭn̤c′ tion
ey gre
(ē′ gẽr)

fạ*u*′ çĕt
fō′ rŭm
frĕs′ cōe*s̤*
fū̆ nē′ rė *a*l

ġĕn ē ăl′ ō̆ ġy̆
ġĕs tĭc′ ū̆ lā tĕd
glā′ cier
(shẽr)
gŏn′ dō̆ lȧ
gŏn dō̆ l*i*ēr′
grŏv′ *e*l ĭng
ġy rā′ tion*s̤*

hȧ bĭt′ ū̆ *a*l ly̆
hė rĕd′ ĭ tȧ ry̆
hī bĭs′ cŭs
hōl′ stẽr

ī dŏl′ ȧ try̆
ĭg′ lo͞o*s̤*
ĭl lĭm′ ĭt ȧ b′l*e*
ĭm′ mĭ n*e*nt ly̆
ĭm pĕn′ ė trȧ b′l*e*
ĭm prō̆ prī′ ė ty̆
ĭn ăc çĕs*s*′ ĭ b′l*e*
ĭn ăn′ ĭ māt*e*
ĭn çĭ′ *s̤*ion*s̤*
ĭn dĭs pĕn′ sȧ b′l*e*
ĭn′ dō̆ l*e*nç*e*
ĭn ĕv′ ĭ tȧ b′l*e*
ĭn ĕx′ ō̆ rȧ b′l*e*
ĭn fū′ rĭ ā tĕd

ĭn tẽr′ mĭ nȧ b′l*e*
ĭn trụ′ *s̤*ion
ĭn vĕt′ ẽr ȧ̆t*e*
ĭn vĭn′ çĭ b′l*e*
Ish′ mȧ̆ ĕl īt*e*s
Ĭx ī′ ŏn

jăv*e*′ lĭn

*K*nĕl′ lẽr

Lau′ fĕn
(ou)
lĕv ẽr′ ĕt
lė vī′ ȧ th*a*n
lū′ mĭ n*o*ŭs

măġ′ ĭs trȧ çy̆
mȧ hŏg′ ȧ ny̆
mȧ lĕv′ ō̆ l*e*nt
Män′ chä
măn ū̆ mĭs′sion
măs′ sȧ cres
(kẽrs)
măs′ tō̆ dŏn
mĕch′ *a*n i*s̤*′m
mĕl′ ĭc*k*
Mō̆ hăm′ mĕd *a*n
Mō̆ hï′ c*a*n*s̤*
mō̆ mĕn′ tŭm
mŏn′ ō̆ lŏg*ue*
môr′ bĭd
mō′ rĭ ŏn
mō̆ *s̤*ā′ ĭcs
mŭm′ mĭ fī*e*d
mū′ tĭ lāt*e*

nā′ bŏb
Neu′ hau *s̤*ĕn
(oi) (ou)
n*e*ū̆ trăl′ ĭ ty̆

ŏb lique′ ly̆
(lēk)
ŏb′ vĭ *o*ŭs
ŏm nĭp′ ō̆ t*e*nt
ŏm nĭ prĕ*s̤*′ *e*nç*e*
ŏn′ slạ*ugh*t
ôr dė′ *a*l
Ôr′ phė ŭs
Ō thĕl*l*′ ō

păç′ ĭ fī*e*d
păl ĭ sād*e*s̤′
păr′ ȧ pĕts
păr′ ō̆ dy̆ ĭng
pĕd′ ĭ grē*e*
pĕm′ mĭ c*a*n
pĕr′ ĕmp tō̆ ry̆
phā′ lăn̤x
phy̆s ĭ ŏg′ nō̆ my̆
Pĭ*s̤*′ gä*h*
plā*i*n′ tĭv*e*
plūm′ ȧ̆ġ*e*
Plū′ tō̆
poi*g*n′ *a*nt
pŏr′ rĭn ġẽr
pōrt fōl′ ĭ ō̆
prē cûr′ sor*s̤*
(ẽ)
prė ĕmp′ tion
prē hĭs tŏr′ ĭc
prē mō̆ nĭ′ tion
prė sĕn′ tĭ m*e*nt
prĕs′ tĭġ*e*

prē tĕr năt′ ŭ *ral*
prŏ jĕct′ ĭ*le*
Prŏs′ ĕr pĭn*e*
prŏv′ ĕn dĕr
*P*sȳ′ ehĕ
pŭl sā′ tions

quelled
(kwĕld)
quĭn′ *tal*ş
(kw)

răil′ lĕr ў
răn′ çĭd
Răph′ ă ĕl
ră′ tion *al*
răv′ ă*ge*
rē cá pĭt′ ŭ lāte
rĕ çĕp′ tá c′*le*
rĕc ŏn noi′ tĕred
rĕġ ĭ mĕn′ *tal*ş
rĕ lĭn′ quished
(kwĭsht)
rĕn′ ŏ vā tĕd
rĕq′ uĭ ş*ite*
(k)(w)
rĕt′ ĭ çent
r*h*ụ′ bärb
r*h*ў*th*′ mĭc
Rĭ ăl′ tō
rī′ v*al* rĭe ş
rụş*e*

săg′ ă mō*re*
săm′ păn
Săn′ chō Păn′ zä
săn c′ tĭ fied
săn ĭ tā′ rĭ ŭm
sá tăn′ ĭc
săt′ ĭr ĭst
Schäf*f*′ hau şĕn
(ou)
scō′ rĭ á
scrĭm mă*ge*
shēi*k*
sī mŭl tā′ nĕ *o*ŭs lў
Sĭs′ ў phŭs
sla*ugh*′ tĕred
spē′ cie
(shĭ)
stĕr′ ĭ*le*
strā′ tá
Stў x
sŭ*b*′ t′*le* tў
sŭp′ p′*le*
sŭmp′ tŭ *o*ŭs
sûr′ fe ĭt ĕd
sў rĭn′ gá

tăb′ rĕts
tăm′ á rĭsk
tăn k′ ardş
(ĕ)
Tăn′ tá lŭs
Tär′ tär ŭs
thē ŏ lŏġ′ ĭ *cal*
thĕr mŏm′ ĕ tĕr
Thĕs sā′ lĭ *an*
Thrā′ cian
(sha*n*)
Tĭn tō rĕt′ tō
Tī′ tan ş
Ti′ tian
(tĭsh′ *an*)
Trăf ăl gär′
trăns lū′ çent
trē′ mŏr
tŭ mŭl′ tŭ *o*ŭs
Tў r′ ŏl ēş*e*

ŭn cŏn′ scion á b′*le*
ŭn′ dū lā tĭng
ŭn ĕr′ rĭng lў
ŭ nique′
(nēk)

vá gā′ rў
văn′ *dal* ĭş′m
vĕr bā′ tĭm
vĕr′ ĭ fied
vĕs′ tĭġ ĕş
vī′ pĕr
vĭş′ or
(ĕ)
vĭ tăl′ ĭ tў
vŏ lĭ′ tion
vŏ lŭp′ tŭ *o*ŭs lў
vôr′ tĕx

whĭm′ şĭ *cal*
*w*rēak′ ĭng
wȳ′ vĕrnş

ye ō′ *man*

Zō′ dĭ ăc

Date e

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